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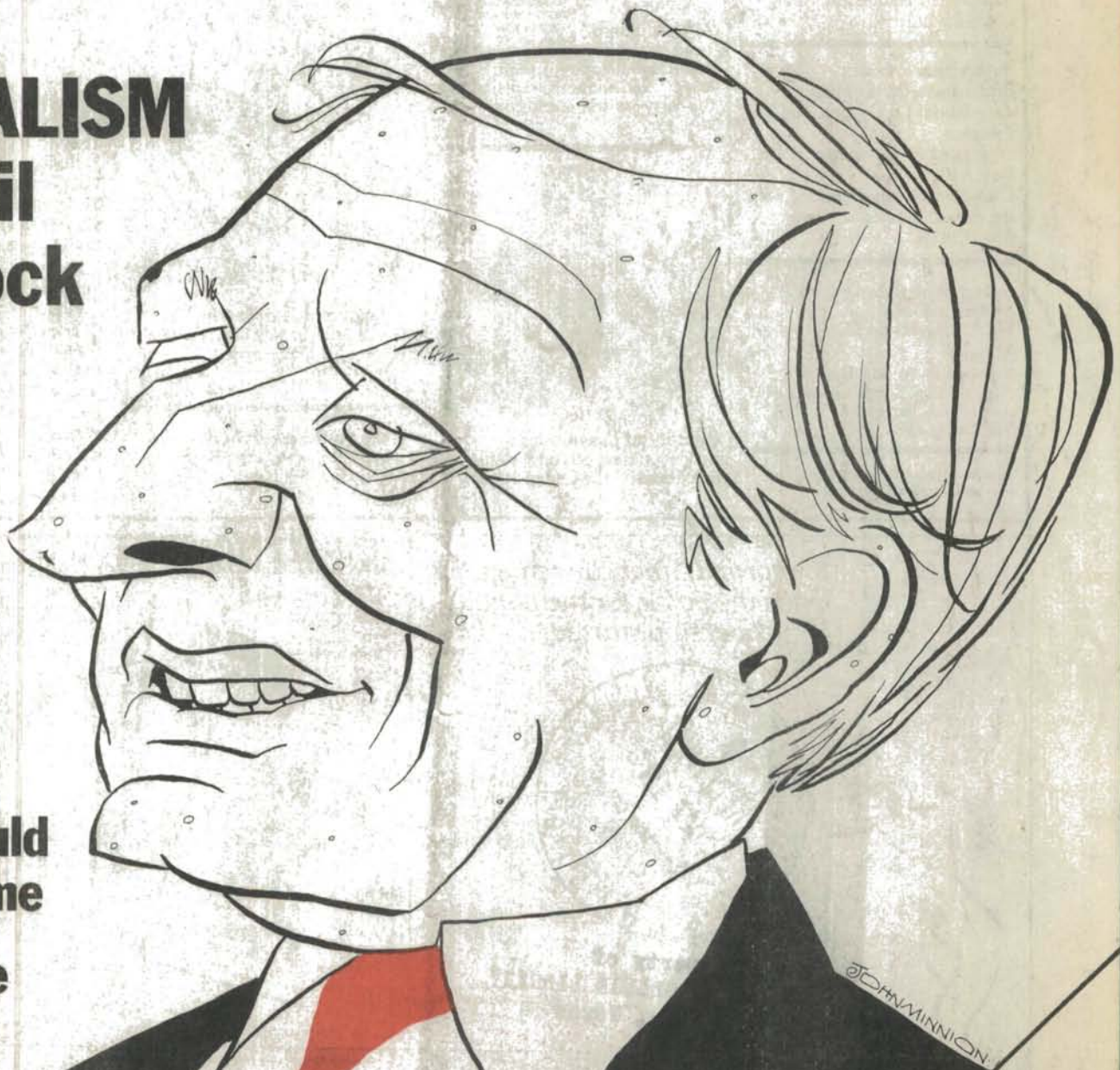
New Statesman

MY SOCIALISM by Neil Kinnock



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New Statesman

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彼が全身麻痺で苦しんでいる
その背中にすわったりして
それより、早く薬を注射し
もうがまんできません。
婚約者の恥はあたしの恥で

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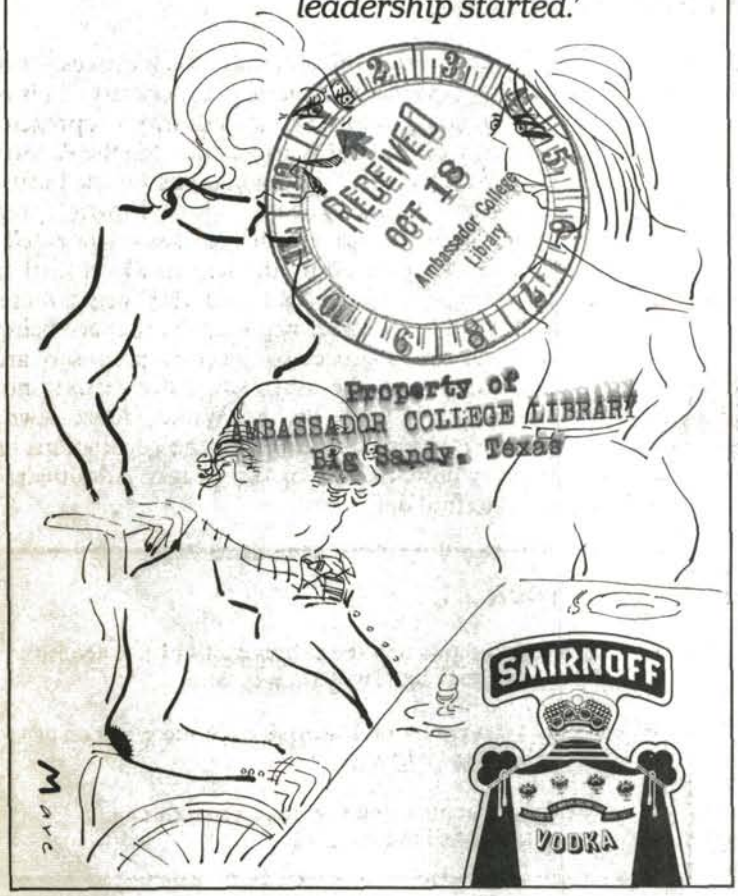

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New Statesman

Vol 106 No 2742 7 October 1983

Kinnock's tight timetable

IT HAS BEEN many a long year since a Labour Party Conference went off so well. Internally the atmosphere positively radiated comradeliness (except at a few isolated moments, for example when a handful of prominent comrades on the Left ostentatiously declined to applaud Neil Kinnock's acceptance speech as leader). Externally, even the hated media contrived to project an image of a party coming realistically to terms with the political task facing it after the 9 June catastrophe.

So far so good (and certainly better than might have been expected). The Kinnock honeymoon has begun. But there should be no illusions about this period. It will not last long, six months at the most. For the Party under its new management has, say, until the local and European elections next May to demonstrate that it is once again clearly the only viable alternative to the present Tory government. For, if in those elections the Alliance's share of the popular vote still reflects the third position that Labour currently seems to be holding in the opinion polls, then the Party will be plunged back into a renewed crisis of morale and credibility.

So what should be the priority items on the Kinnock agenda for the next six months? The first must be the reorganisation of the various elements of the Labour Party machine. In the formulation and presentation of policy the Labour Party has for a considerable time been a shambles. A large part of the reason for this has been simply a reflection of the civil war going on within the movement. But a substantial part has been an institutional lack of effective co-ordination between the leader and his office, the other elements of the parliamentary party and the party headquarters itself. There are disturbing signs that Neil Kinnock is allowing friendship and sentiment to undermine the required changes in this area. The leader and deputy leader who took the party to disaster in June have now made way to others. But the required new start will be severely hampered if most of the party's senior functionaries are confirmed in their positions, or allowed to linger on as lame ducks into the New Year.

The second priority must be to translate the positive elements of the leadership election campaign into a continuing pattern of political behaviour. For the first time in years, the Party turned outwards to consult its members in their millions over the leadership. It must continue in that outward looking stance as it re-establishes itself as the natural political representative of the working people of this country – leading the fights against such vicious aspects of current Thatcherism as the assault on the health service, on the state education system and on democratically accountable local government. □

Not in good faith

UNDER THE AMERICAN political system almost anything that a President does in the second half of an Administration is related to his domestic re-election strategy. So it was when President Reagan wished 'godspeed and good luck' this week to his chief negotiator in the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks, General Edward L. Rowny. His claim that the United States had already 'gone the extra mile' to prove its sincerity in the negotiations (and his public revelation that new American proposals were about to be placed on the Geneva negotiating table) had distressingly little to do with the arms negotiations.

In bilateral negotiations like START (and the simultaneous Intermediate Nuclear Force negotiations), it is difficult to be sure what is going on in private between the Americans and the Russians. But the cumulative evidence from public utterances is increasingly depressing. If the American (and NATO) negotiating tactic was to press ahead with the deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles this winter in order to force the Soviet Union into substantial negotiations on INF reductions, it seems have been a complete failure.

But the question now has to be asked whether those in charge of the American side of the disarmament negotiations were in fact acting in good faith. If any negotiation is to succeed, there have usually to be concessions of substance on both sides. But President Reagan placed responsibility for the American side of the START negotiations in the hands of an elderly and retired general whose attitude to negotiations with the Soviet Union is that the only way to achieve results is to rub Russian noses in evident American superiority. This is not some left-wing, conspiratorial view of Rowny's approach. It is the considered view of Paul Warnke, who led the American team in the previous SALT II negotiations for the Carter Administration. 'I've never known what (Rowny) was prepared to give up for an agreement', he has commented.

This impression is reinforced by the way in which further American 'initiatives' in the START and INF negotiations have been made public. In secret negotiations that are being conducted with serious prospect of success, proposals are normally presented first to the other side's negotiators, not read out to the world's press on the White House lawn. Whether the Russians were serious about the negotiations or not, we shall never now know. For the Reagan Administration has not tried to find out. □

Next week . . .

● **Tony Travers** shows why the government's plan to abolish the Greater London Council will result in chaos

● **Paul Foot** takes issue with Daniel Green's interpretation of the career of William Cobbett

● **Jules Lubbock** starts a series of articles on community architecture with a visit to Liverpool

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Widespread balloting gives Hattersley landslide

ROY HATTERSLEY's remarkable 40-point victory over Michael Meacher in last Sunday's ballot for Labour's deputy leadership was mainly the result of unions and constituency parties determining their choice by one member-one vote. Had every union left the matter to its executive, and every local party to its General Committee, Meacher might well have won.

In the union section, ballots overturned executive support for Meacher in three unions: NUPE, miners and Post Office engineers. The transport workers' conference delegation overturned its executive recommendation as well. These unions alone accounted for almost 15 per cent of the electoral college. In just one union, ASTMS, did a branch ballot support Meacher.

It was the constituency section, however, that provided the biggest surprise of Sunday evening. Meacher was widely expected to have a two-to-one lead over Hattersley. In fact, 309 local parties voted for Hattersley and just 280 for Meacher. Hattersley won hands-down in most constituencies that conducted individual member ballots. The computer that Neil Kinnock's campaign team used to monitor the leadership contest was used, among other things, to compile a list of parties that used the various methods of ballot and consultation to determine their votes. Almost 300 parties – half the total – have been accounted for: they are evenly divided between those that conducted ballots, and those that left the decision to the General Committee.

From information stored in the Kinnock camp's computer, together with additional information obtained at the Conference, this is how the deputy leadership vote went for Hattersley:

● Ninety per cent of local parties that conducted postal ballots voted for Hattersley. Of 54 parties that are known to have determined their vote by postal ballot, 49 plumped for him, and only 5 for Meacher.

● Almost 60 per cent of parties that conducted ballots at branch meetings and added the results together voted for Hattersley. Of 96 parties known to have determined their vote by branch ballot, 56 went for Hattersley and 40 for Meacher.

● Meacher, however, had a two-to-one lead among parties that left the decision to the General Committee. The raw figures on the Kinnock computer gives Meacher only a narrow lead here – 74 parties for Meacher, 59 for Hattersley and 4 for Denzil Davies. This raw data, however, is misleading. The computer file contains information on all 37 Welsh CLPs – which overwhelmingly voted for Hattersley – while data on Meacher's strongholds in London and the North West is patchier. Outside Wales it is clear that General Committees chose to back Meacher by at least two to one.

Even this information understates the differences between activists and individual members' preferences. Meacher received nominations from 190 local parties – almost invariably the result of General Committee decisions. Last Sunday as many as 30 of these actually voted for Hattersley. One local party, Chelsea, is known to have changed its mind after a postal ballot and eight more after branch ballots (Bexleyheath, High Peak, Lewisham W, Luton N, Luton S, Putney, Welwyn & Hatfield, Windsor and Maidenhead). As the Kinnock computer's data is incomplete, it is likely that around 15 CLPs changed their minds after ballots of some kind. But in the case of the remaining parties it was the General Committee itself that changed, usually after debate at ward level. Without the ballots and these changes of heart Michael Meacher would have won at least 20 out of the 30 CLP electoral college votes.

Neil Kinnock's victory in the leadership contest was so overwhelming that it seems to have made little difference how CLPs reached their conclusion. However, given Hattersley's hopes three months ago that he would benefit at Kinnock's expense in the leadership election wherever unions or CLPs held ballots, it seems that in the event the opposite was the case. Kinnock won each of the 14 union ballots that were held, and all but one of the 54 CLP postal ballots known to have taken place. The exception was Hattersley's own constituency, Birmingham Sparkbrook. If anything, it seems that a universal application of one-member-one-vote would have given Neil Kinnock an even greater win this week.

Peter Kellner

Note: Last week we reported that the executive of the union APEX had recommended that its members support Hattersley for the leadership. In fact the executive made no recommendation.

Kinnock backs African freedom fighters

A LABOUR GOVERNMENT under Neil Kinnock would grant full diplomatic status to the African National Congress and other liberation movements, Peter Hain, a key figure in a 'Think Tank' which will help formulate Labour policy, is reported as saying.

In an interview published by the progressive *Sunday Times* of South Africa last Sunday, Hain, once Pretoria's enemy number one who led the campaign to wreck the Springboks' tour of the UK in 1970 and lobbied for the isolation of South African sport, said he expected that under Kinnock's leadership the Labour Party would have a sharper cutting edge to its anti-apartheid programme.

'That will mean closer links with the ANC and the granting of diplomatic status to them and other liberation movements, a freeze on new investments and the adopting of a higher profile to strengthen the international campaign on apartheid.

'It means that sanctions will become real politics. Neil has a good record of anti-apartheid activity. But I will be taking every opportunity to press my point of view,' said Hain.

Kinnock's stand against apartheid is well known. His wife wears a silver wedding ring rather than a gold one, in case the metal may have come from a South African mine.

Hain, a former Liberal activist, is vice-chair of the Labour Coordinating Committee and unsuccessfully stood in Putney in the last general election. He is co-author of a paper being studied by Kinnock on the images, themes and strategy which Labour should adopt.

Wiseman Khuzwayo

Russell Newell

KWAME TOURE, the former Black Power leader who used to be known as Stokely Carmichael, called on Britain's black community to organise itself at the International Black Solidarity Rally last Thursday. More than 300 people attended the rally in London to hear Touré's first major speech in Britain since 1967, when he was banned from entering the country by Labour Home Secretary Roy Jenkins.

Touré's strong Black Nationalist views showed signs of having developed towards an African nationalism more rooted in a common cultural heritage of all black people.

Although he used the language of revolutionary socialism, he rejected 'imported' ideologies such as Marxism. 'One's ideology must come from one's culture, the history of one's people. It must be of the African struggle,' he said. He also told the audience they must pay respect to religon, and not ignore it. But despite his rejection of Marxism, he does accept a Marxistic analysis of imperialism. 'Africa is the richest continent in the world, and Africans are the poorest people in the world,' he said. 'And the situation will be resolved only by revolution. That Africa will be free is undeniable.'

Touré made a bitter attack on black people serving in the army in Northern Ireland. They had no right being there, he said. 'In the first place, Africa has been raped and pillaged by every European country except Ireland.' Along with the Irish revolutionaries, blacks in Britain must foster links with organisations such as the Palestine Liberation Organisation and other freedom fighters to fight against the common enemy, which is Britain and British Imperialism. 'In 1981 – the year of the uprisings – they were caught, as my American brothers would say, with their pants down,' he said. 'But in 1983 they're better organised. Consequently, when we come up against them we too must be better organised.'

Hal Austin

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Council sales block escape from asbestos

LAST FRIDAY Mrs Brenda Pullen was told by her Council either to get out of her flat for the day, or lock herself in the living room, while work was carried out to seal quantities of brown asbestos in her airing cupboard. Recent tests had shown that the dust she had been finding in her sheets and children's clothes for the past 18 months was asbestos.

Mrs Pullen is a single parent with three children. Hers is one of over 300 families on the Livingstone Estate, in South London, who are having to be moved out after Wandsworth Council discovered large quantities of blue, brown and white asbestos in its flats.

But despite the obvious danger, many of the 1,000 residents on the estate have chosen to stay put, because they feel the alternative accommodation they are being offered is sub-standard. In fact, some of the flats offered, on the nearby Wilberforce Estate in Battersea, already have white asbestos in them.

Recent figures released by Wandsworth show a total of over 500 vacant properties are available in the borough, awaiting sale – 95 of them in Battersea. But the Council is refusing to move any of the Livingstone tenants into these empty properties. At the same time the Council has announced its intention of selling off the Livingstone Estate, and has threatened to evict any tenants who remain in their homes.

Tory-controlled Wandsworth has already managed to sell off 10 per cent of its entire housing stock – more than double that of any other Inner London authority. A further 10 per cent (4,000 homes) has been ear-marked for sale. Battersea MP Alf Dubs has written to Housing Minister Ian Gow asking him to step in and tell Wandsworth to suspend its sales of vacant property. He has also asked the Minister to consider asking other authorities to carry out surveys of Council estates for asbestos.

Wandsworth's Property Sales Committee Chairman, Peter Bingle, claims: 'There is no need for a suspension of our housing sales policy. We are perfectly capable of rehousing these people. The ability of the Housing Department to decant and rehouse these tenants is better than it has ever been.'

Quentin McDermott

MISCELLANY

Gloria in excelsis

The *Daily Mail*, the paper which brought you the Zinoviev Letter and the Leyland Slush Fund, devoted a huge double-page spread on Tuesday to an article headed 'How I exposed this left-wing lunacy'. The author, Gloria Stewart, related at great length how she had created a bogus group called 'Islington Women's Collective Against State Oppression in Holloway Prison' and had then applied to Islington Council for accommodation and a grant.

Ms Stewart's article gave the clear impression that she had succeeded in hoodwinking the council, who 'were almost pathetic in their eagerness' to spend public money on a 'clearly crazy cause', even though 'my cover story was transparently thin'. She conceded that she did not actually 'get any hard cash' from Islington, but 'I was allocated a three-bedroom flat with lounge and bathroom and kitchen . . . I went to look at the flat'.

This account is downright misleading, according to Islington. They had not given her a flat, but had merely identified one which *might* be suitable *if* the council approved the proposal to provide an office and temporary accommodation for ex-prisoners from Holloway. The housing department did not give her permission to visit the flat, nor did it give her any keys: her 'look at the flat' was conducted without the knowledge or approval of the council.

Ms Stewart also neglected to mention in her article that she still had several hurdles to leap before getting the flat. The borough solicitor, Christopher Tapp, told the *NS* that he would have had to issue a licence before she could have the flat. 'We asked who we would be granting the licence to – we were looking for a properly contsituted organisation. But we didn't get that information.'

The story thus boils down to this. A group claiming to be concerned with the welfare of Holloway prisoners approached Islington Council. The council gave it a sympathetic hearing but did not give it any money or accommodation, because of the group's failure to provide more details about itself. Hardly earth-shattering stuff.

But the threadbare nature of the story did not prevent Ms Stewart spreading her breathless prose across two pages of the *Mail*. ('In my undercover investigative role I had to look the part and use the jargon of a left-wing militant. I bought a pair of old plimsolls and patch trousers.') When we spoke to her on Tuesday she was positively jubilant: 'What they're now saying is a complete pack of lies! We've got them bang to rights!'

The anti-Islington fervour in the press has become noticeably more strident in recent weeks: the *Sun* ran an editorial the other day headed 'Achtung Islington!' Coincidentally, three crucial by-elections for Labour-held seats on the council are being held on 27 October.

Who is Gloria Stewart? (In her 'investigative role' she called herself Gloria Murray, another fact which was left out of her piece.) She is a freelance journalist who has written for such thoughtful papers as the *Sun*, the *Sunday People* and the *News of the World*. And, ahem, the *New Statesman*. She was, bizarrely, our Moscow correspondent in the mid-1960s. In mitigation we can only point out that Paul Johnson was editor at the time.

Legal niceties

Tariq Ali has finally succeeded in his long struggle to become a member of the Labour Party, despite his former membership of the International Marxist Group. The 1960s student leader applied to join Hornsey Labour Party in North London after leaving the Trotskyist IMG in 1981. Hornsey CLP welcomed him with open arms, but Labour's NEC would have none of it. Late last year there was talk even of disbanding the Hornsey party, which refused to give in. After much scratching of heads, the NEC, which had already set up a five-person 'Tariq Ali subcommittee', decided to change tack. In its report to conference the NEC says that since its power to keep him out has been called into question, it is taking a simpler course. It is going to expel him. The NEC's constitutional powers of expulsion are quite clear cut. A bemused Ali told us: 'They can't expel a non-member. That's Kafka-esque.'

Hurry on down

At least one of TV-am's foreign stringers was more than a little surprised at the letter from the station's Director of Programmes, Michael Deakin (*NS* 16 Sept), extolling its coverage of 'serious' news – which, of course, a 'popular newspaper in all its facets from its front page to the last pages' should have. This stringer (whom, in honour of Roland Rat, we shall call Colin Coypu) recently had one of his own offerings to Camden Lock turned down on the grounds that it was 'a bit complicated'. Coypu protested that the story concerned an important political development in his base country, but TV-am was unmoved. 'You see,' the foreign duty editor told him, 'we've unfortunately been reduced to trying to appeal to the types who read the *Sun* and the *Star*.' Ironically enough, the story which was too 'complicated' for TV-am was actually printed on the foreign pages of some of the most 'popular' British dailies. One begins to wonder just what kind of 'popular newspaper' Deakin is trying to emulate. *Beano*?

Fully booked

Next Thursday is the publication date of *Title Fight: The Battle for Gay News* by Gillian Hanscombe and Andrew Lumsden. It is unlikely to be a peaceful birth. *NS* readers will recall that the demise of *Gay News*, earlier this year, was preceded by some rather mysterious financial deals and open political bust-ups. The paper was then bought from the liquidator by a rich heir called Nigel Ostrer, who restarted it a few weeks ago in a

trashy and male-dominated version. (All the staff and contributors are men.) *Title Fight*'s publishers, Brilliance Books, hoped to advertise it in the new *Gay News*, but Nigel Ostrer told them that he wouldn't accept their ad unless he could read the book first, to check that it was 'all right'. He then wrote to Brilliance to tell them that he would have no hesitation in suing 'if the book infringed this company's rights'. Brilliance have also received a letter from Robert Palmer, *GN*'s former owner, demanding a manuscript 'in order that I may satisfy myself before the book is published'. No word yet from *GN*'s ex-editor, Denis Lemon, but he (along with Palmer and Ostrer) has been invited to the launch party next Monday. Fireworks are expected.

Lobby terms

While wishing the GLC well in its vigorous self-preservation campaign, we can't help wondering about its appointment of Roland Freeman as chief lobbyist of ministers and Members of Parliament. Freeman is a genial fellow and an acknowledged expert on local government. However, he is also a former Tory councillor who defected to the Social Democrats. It is just possible that some Conservatives may not be too amenable to lobbying from a 'turncoat'. But we shall see.

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Home Office deal with prisoners revealed

IRISH POLITICAL prisoner Eddie O'Neil has produced a detailed account of negotiations between prisoners and prison representatives during the Albany roof-top protest last May. Given that the Home Office has consistently denied negotiation with the prisoners, and denied that any agreement was reached, his account is of importance.

On Friday 20 May, the latest in a long string of frustrated protests and conflicts erupted in Albany's B wing – and, says O'Neill, was dealt with in a 'heavy-handed' manner. 'That straw,' he continues, 'broke the camel's back.'

O'Neill himself was walking across the prison yard, when 'from behind me came an explosion of sound, B wing literally blew apart'. He was one of the ten prisoners who got on to the roof of the wing. And Albany became a public issue.

Seven of these ten prisoners spent five days on the roof. This is O'Neill's account of what took place:

On Saturday 21 May, a prison officer asks what the demands of the protest are. The prisoners request pen and paper to put their demands in writing. The request is refused.

Sunday 22 May, the Deputy Governor asks the prisoners to surrender. The prisoners refuse. The Deputy Governor returns in the evening and, again, refuses to supply pen and paper.

Monday 23 May, prison officer and Roman Catholic priest provide pen and paper. The prisoners write out their grievances. 2.30pm, the prisoners propose three conditions before handing over list of grievances or agreeing to surrender. 1) guarantee of personal safety; 2) Owen Carron (then Sinn Fein MP) and Joan Maynard MP to be phoned; 3) *Guardian* reporter Nick Davies to be phoned. The prison officer and priest go away to consult, return, promise personal safety but, on the other two conditions, would only promise that *after* the prisoners came down they could write to the MPs. The prisoners refuse to accept this. The prison officer returns and prisoners dictate their grievances and the conditions for ending the protest to him.

Tuesday 24 May, William Whitelaw publicly rejects any mediation by Owen Carron. 5.15pm the prison officer and priest return and, after two hours, state that Home Office is still considering the prisoners' terms. 10.30pm the prison officer and priest come back and read a statement. Eddie O'Neill outlines its contents:

> 1) The Home Secretary was guaranteeing our personal safety if/ when we came off the roof; 2) that a phone call would be made to O. Carron when we came down, stating that we had come down, that we were safe and that a document containing our written grievances had been received by the governor . . . 3) that the *Guardian* via Nick Davies would be informed . . . and the contents of our document ie grievances would be divulged to N. Davies; 4) that our families would be informed . . .'

After some further discussion, the prisoners agree to end the protest at 12 noon the following day. O'Neill accuses the Home Office of reneging on the agreement. The Home Office denies the existence of any such agreement or the document of the prisoners' grievances.

Terry O'Halloran

Road lobby back right-wing report

THE ROAD LOBBY is behind a right-wing transport report, which proposed building roads with private finance and privatising British Rail. The Adam Smith Institute published its 'Omega' report on transport last week. It was the second in the series, the first being one on defence.

The transport report envisages hiving off all British Rail's non-railway interests, such as catering. Private industry would also take over track maintenance. Branch lines would either be sold to private industry or concreted over and turned into roads. The report proposes breaking up the National Bus Company and selling the bits to private industry. It also wants private mini-buses to replace conventional bus services in urban areas. On the roads the report proposes road pricing, an old concept, where every vehicle would have a meter which clocked up the cost of the road it was using.

Buried away in the report (and not even mentioned in the press summary) is the proposal to set up a 'National Highway Trust'. The report says that the trust would be able to escape 'the straitjacket' of public spending limits. It would be financed by vehicle licence duty initially until revenue began to come in from the vehicle meters.

This is not an entirely new idea. It has some parallels with the Highway Trust Fund in the US, and also with the old Road Fund. This was set up by Lloyd George in 1909, to finance the Roads Board. It was very wealthy and so Chancellors of the Exchequer raided it to finance other government expenditure. It was finally abolished in 1955.

Of course, one of the principal beneficiaries of a gravy vehicle like the National Highway Trust would be the road builders. The Omega report on transport was largely written by four people; John Hibbs, Peter Fells, Sandy McGregor and Anthony Shephard.

Fells is a director of Consolidated Gold Fields PLC. McGregor is an economist at the same firm. Consolidated Gold Fields wholly owns Amey Roadstone Corporation, which mines stone and (amongst other things) turns it into roads.

Consolidated Gold Fields also put up some money for research on the transport report and it has been involved with the project over the past two years. Consolidated's 1982 annual report describes Amey's 'margins' as being 'under pressure'. Its operating profit was £27 million. Consolidated's 1982 accounts show a donation of £25,000 to the Conservative Party. No mention is made of any donation to the Adam Smith Institute.

Of the other two authors of the report Shephard is already well-known to readers of *NS* (25 Feb, 18 March). His company, Associated Minibus Operators, plan to run four minibus routes in competition with London Transport. A public inquiry into this proposal will be held later this month. Shephard was formerly Commissioner of Transport in Hong Kong and was responsible for legalising minibuses in the late 1960s. The Hong Kong minibuses now have links with organised crime.

Hibbs is at Birmingham Polytechnic. He used to work for British Rail before running a bus company in East Anglia, Corona Coaches. This is no longer in business, although the name has been taken over by another operator. Corona Coaches is not mentioned in the authorative *History of British Bus Services*, which was written by John Hibbs.

The Adam Smith report on Defence advocates halving the Rhine Army and privatisation of some functions.

The Adam Smith Institute is a charity. It was founded in 1981. Its accounts for the period from February 1981 to August 1982 show a relatively modest turnover of £45,000. About £25,000 of this income comes from grants and the rest from an associated company, ASI (Research) Ltd.

Its expenditure totalled £27,000, including relatively modest sums for printing (£576) and just £1,000 for rent of a prestige luxury flat in Little Smith Street, Westminster – fittingly less than a minute's drive from the Department of Transport.

The accounts of the Adam Smith Institute are qualified by the auditors, Alexander Fraser. 'In common with many charities of its type the Institute's system of control is dependent upon the close involvement of the Trustees. Where independent confirmation of the completeness of the accounting records was therefore not available we have accepted assurances from the Trustees that all the Institute's transactions have been reflected in the records'.

Mick Hamer

Birmingham holds out for fair wages

NORMAN TEBBIT may have abolished the Fair Wages Resolution, which for 92 years has prevented employers from cutting wages in order to compete for government contracts, but local authorities can still pass their own. A week after the Fair Wages Resolution ended, on 21 September, Central Birmingham Health Authority changed its financial rules (called 'Standing Financial Instructions') to include a clause requiring all private contractors to pay at least NHS pay and to give at least NHS conditions to their workers.

If other health authorities follow suit, this could hinder privatisation by ruling out cowboy operators using cheap labour.

It also poses a dilemma for Health Minister Norman Fowler, because if he tells health authorities not to include Fair Wages clauses in their rules (and it is not clear whether legally he has the power to do so) he will be admitting that the only way privatisation can save money is by under cutting NHS pay rates – which are already low.

Although Labour-controlled local authorities are not interested in privatisation, they can also amend their 'Standing Orders' to include a Fair Wages clause to protect contractors' employees in the future.

Central Birmingham Health Authority introduced its Fair Wages clause after being lobbied by NALGO, representing many of its employees. All health authorities and local authorities already have Fair Wages clauses written into their rules, but because they all refer to the national Fair Wages Resolution (and to the machinery which used to enforce it), they have now become meaningless and need to be amended if contractors' employees are to be protected from exploitation.

Because a quarter of the members of District Health Authorities are appointed by local councils, there are often Labour sympathisers among them who are prepared to propose the amendment. And many of the non-political health authority members are so outraged by Norman Fowler's NHS job cuts that they will be keen to resist privatisation in any way possible. A Fair Wages clause is a small but vital step.

John Rentoul

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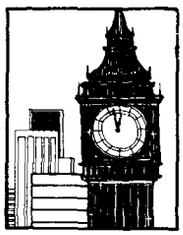

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

The Left retreats, but the double-think lingers on

NEIL KINNOCK can spend his first weekend as Labour Party leader comforted by the warm glow of knowing that he has been given greater freedom and authority than any Labour leader has possessed for 20 years. Everything that now happens in the Labour Party flows from that central fact. If the party succeeds in appearing united to the public and regaining electoral support, it will be his success. If it fails it will be his failure.

In the sweet-and-sour atmosphere of Labour's conference at Brighton, where irresistible enthusiasm for the new leadership jostles with equally irresistible anger at the party's general election campaign, it is easy to overlook the fundamental changes that the party has now undertaken. It is worth analysing what has happened before the rush to purge the past and glamorise the future completely swamps our capacity to do so.

Michael Foot may not have been the best leader Labour has ever had, but his personal qualities and defects became almost irrelevant in the face of the challenges and battles he had to endure. Within two months of becoming leader he found himself powerless to prevent the Left winning the form of electoral college that it wanted instead of the form he wanted. Within six months he had to endure the defection of the Social Democrats. Within 12 months he had to suffer the humiliating experience of being little more than a spectator at the deputy leadership contest between Tony Benn and Denis Healey. He spent debilitating months fighting – often with more tactical skill than has been generally appreciated – battles over Militant, Peter Tatchell, and the detailed contents of the party's election manifesto.

At the end of Foot's three years' torment he received this week the sort of acclamation that he could scarcely have expected had he led Labour to a famous victory instead of an ignominious defeat. Indeed, if Labour had somehow won, his ovation would certainly have been more muted, as delegates seized upon the small print of Bills and White Papers to denounce impending betrayals of the manifesto. Instead Foot is a good man who lost and retired. It would be pleasant to think that by their ovation the delegates were saying sorry: and I think some of them were.

KINNOCK MUST HOPE he will never get such an ovation – at least not in those circumstances – for the next 25 years. He takes over a party with barely half the public support that Foot inherited in November 1980, but with a great deal more support from within the party itself. The party constitution, though still far from perfect, is no longer the battleground it was. The leadership and deputy leadership of the party have been settled by margins that close the issue for at least the duration of this parliament. The balance of forces on Labour's new National Executive gives Kinnock a clear majority.

Perhaps the most significant difference between 1980 and 1983 is that the far Left was then in the ascendant, and is now in retreat. More than that: it is in disarray. It has now been defeated in almost every recent battle it has fought. In this year's leadership and deputy leadership elections it was shown to be wholly out of touch with the great majority of Labour party members in constituencies and trade unions.

More significantly, the fragile unity of the far Left that coalesced round the constitutional changes of 1980 and the Benn campaign of 1981 is now shattered. First, the inside Left has grown in strength so remarkably that it is now hard to move in Brighton's Conference Centre without encountering groups of people bitterly complaining to each other that they are wrongly considered members of the far Left. Someone had the bright idea of mass-producing badges saying 'I was never a Bennite really'. It should sell well.

Second, those that do remain in one or other of the far Left groups are manifestly divided on almost every issue that comes up. They disagree on how far to give support to the new party leadership. They disagree on how far to go in the fight for the Militant editorial board, now its five members have been expelled. Significantly (to them more than to most others) they were split on whether Norman Atkinson or David Blunkett should have the seventh place in the constituency section of the National Executive.

WITH THE FAR Left now defeated, divided and for all practical purposes irrelevant to the central direction of the Labour Party; and with the Right now committed, through the manner of Roy Hattersley's election as deputy, to give Kinnock a gentle ride, the question is: what will Kinnock do with his authority? Again, the central point is in some ways the most obvious although, from the way the party designs its activities, most easily overlooked. Labour has no pressing need to design its policies as if it has to draft a manifesto next week. For at least three years its main task is to present itself as an effective opposition, rather than a government-in-waiting.

This week's fuss over Labour's defence policy provided a clear instance of how the party needs to confirm this point.

In effect the party has endorsed the double-think policy that caused so much trouble in the general election campaign. On the one hand it has endorsed a National Executive statement that, on any ordinary reading, makes the progress towards a non-nuclear defence policy conditional on the outcome of international negotiations. On the other hand it has voted for a resolution that requires a non-nuclear policy to be implemented unconditionally.

Which of these now represents Labour policy: Healey reckons that the unanimity with which the National Executive agreed its 'conditional' statement gives it a moral edge over the more detailed 'unconditional' transport workers' resolution passed on Wednesday. Formally, however, Labour still faces two ways. (Incidentally, Labour's capacity for such contradictions is an unintended by-product of Benn's period as chairman of the Home Policy Committee. He developed the activity of evolving policy through National Executive studies and statements. It was inevitable that such statements, endorsed by conference, would risk collision with resolutions proposed by unions or constituency parties and also endorsed by conference. After all, the general activity of National Executive policy construction is the search for consensus, while the general activity of conference resolution design is the search for a majority. They are bound on occasions to yield different answers.)

But if Labour is formally stuck with policy contradictions, the less formal reality need not be so awkward. Kinnock may have failed to get the transport workers to remit their resolution on the bomb; but it is open to him to admit the contradiction and make a virtue of the fact that the policy will need revising and refining during the next four years.

The same applies to policies on the economy, the Common Market, housing finance and public ownership. It is no disgrace after an election defeat to say that the party needs to return to the policy-making drawing board. The obvious danger is that a genuine reappraisal of policy by the party leadership will be branded as an act of betrayal. Kinnock's great advantage is that the people who are most liable to make such charges are the people who have now lost the most credibility inside the party. Kinnock's great problem is that if he squanders that advantage and gets it wrong then, unlike Foot, he will have no alibis. □

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LABOUR PARTY

My socialism

Neil Kinnock looks ahead to a democratic Socialism that is deeply rooted in the history of labour and parliamentary democracy, yet sensitive to the changing demands and circumstances of the nation

POLITICIANS RARELY reflect upon the terms of current debate in order to refresh and refine original political principles. That activity is not detached from policy. It is both fundamental and complementary to the task of formulating and implementing policies. I confess, however, that I cannot in Gramsci's words 'study for the sake of studying – I hate tossing stones in the dark'. That is the best attitude for any politician, certainly for a democratic Socialist politician whose mental and moral home should be, as Aneurin Bevan advised, in that 'fertile terrain' between the 'myopic attitude of the purely *practical* man and that of the *intellectual* who sees society merely in terms of ideas'.

My views on this do not need tailoring to fit the almost epic scale and significance of Labour's defeat on 9 June. The events of that terrible day (and the many factors that led up to it) simply provided for me the most compelling confirmation of views which I first formed as long ago as the 1959 general election campaign – crystallised in earlier words of R. H. Tawney:

> It ought to be possible for a movement, like an individual, to be both sensible and trenchant . . . Until the Labour Party can persuade its fellow countrymen that it represents both – that its idealism is not lunacy, nor its realism mere torpor – it will neither win general support nor deserve it.

Loyalty has to be earned and retained from generation to generation. Even if there are now more floating voters it does not follow that this is an irreversible process. Nor does it follow that it is exclusively damaging to Labour, or that it is related exclusively (or even mainly) to real or imagined failures of past Labour governments. Paradoxically, the opposite may be true. From 1945 until very recently, British society has been increasingly composed of those for whom the Welfare State and an annual increase in their standard of living has been taken more or less for granted. Their personal experience has precluded the necessity of tooth-and-claw struggle for a decent wage, working conditions, basic human rights and access to education. So Labour in some ways suffers from the very *success* of a mere century of organised Labour and from the necessary adjustments that it has forced the free enterprise system to accept in order to ensure its own survival. Did not Marx remark that 'Capitalism can only survive by transcending itself'?

The success of mitigation appears to have slaked the thirst for transformation. For socialists, the scaling of the 'commanding heights' seems to be made more difficult by the very conquest of the foothills. Especially for us British socialists. With deplorable modesty or complacency, we have rarely sought to teach effectively that the relative civilising of capitalism was a victory *over* it, not a voluntary concession *by* it. And that sin of omission has not been the only shortcoming. Those who do recognise that our declining electoral support has something to do with our success in making the Welfare State appear to be something taken for granted have often fallen into a 'surrender syndrome' – a permanent defeatism which counsels that improvements in welfare hold the seeds of their own destruction, since the newly comfortable will not re-elect their old comforters.

Some members of our old guard speak with bitterness against apparent ingratitude: 'If they'd had to struggle like we did, they'd know better . . . they've had it too soft': just as some ageless young graduates of the School of Revolutionary Pessimism will intone: 'People won't value advance, or demand progress, until they've experienced the retardation of repressive capitalism'. I've argued against both for 25 years. If democratic Socialism depends solely or mainly on the fuel of poverty, deprivation and pain for its advance, it will be motionless. Democratic Socialism if it is to succeed must appear and appeal as a source of efficiency and justice as much to the affluent and secure as to the impoverished and insecure. The business of transforming society needs the support of the confident as well as the disadvantaged.

Decent instincts of care for the weakened are central to our socialist values, but the material advantages for all must also play a major part. Democratic Socialism must emphasise the interest of payer and user alike in attaining a society with universally dependable and accessible health treatment – the serenity of good homes, the security of pensions and benefits, the freedom from the ugliness and pain of poverty and from the menace of crime and the merit of a free and fair education system of high quality. Democratic Socialists must show the *utility* of democratic Socialism for all as well as its desirability for the enlighted and its absolute necessity for the needy.

As a movement we have not done so. We have built up and defended the Welfare State for its kindliness, more than we have advocated it as the foundation of liberty – the conditions under which liberty alone becomes effective and meaningful for most. We have appealed to sentiment more than to self-interest, even though both, in practical truth and ordinary life, must go hand in hand together. We have made the mistaken assumption that the mere provision of welfare would bring popularity for welfare; that the plain logic of 'caring through sharing' would recommend itself; and that officialdom in a Welfare State would be automatically imbued with the ethics of welfare. We have neglected the pragmatic and practical attitudes of the early days which led workers and their Fabian allies to inaugurate for themselves the rudiments of a Welfare State; to invent pension funds and co-ops; and in their Friendly and Medical Aid Societies to rehearse for the post-war Welfare State.

Democratic Socialism, with its emphasis on planning to create wealth, is a *productionist* philosophy. But for decades we have allowed it to be presented and misrepresented as only *distributionist* and have thus allowed Conservatives, for all their waste of resources, thoughtless misuse of abilities and fixation with making money rather than making things, to look like the embodiment of production and thrift. We have never even claimed credit for what Gramsci called 'the passive revolution' – the modification of economic structure by government intervention with subsidies and support to keep privately owned industry that is alive and investing, if not actually kicking. Because such efforts did not carry with them the seal of full socialist advance, we were reluctant to advertise them as a major source of employment, innovation and output.

Small wonder that, with such defensive attitudes, we have been losing the ideologi-

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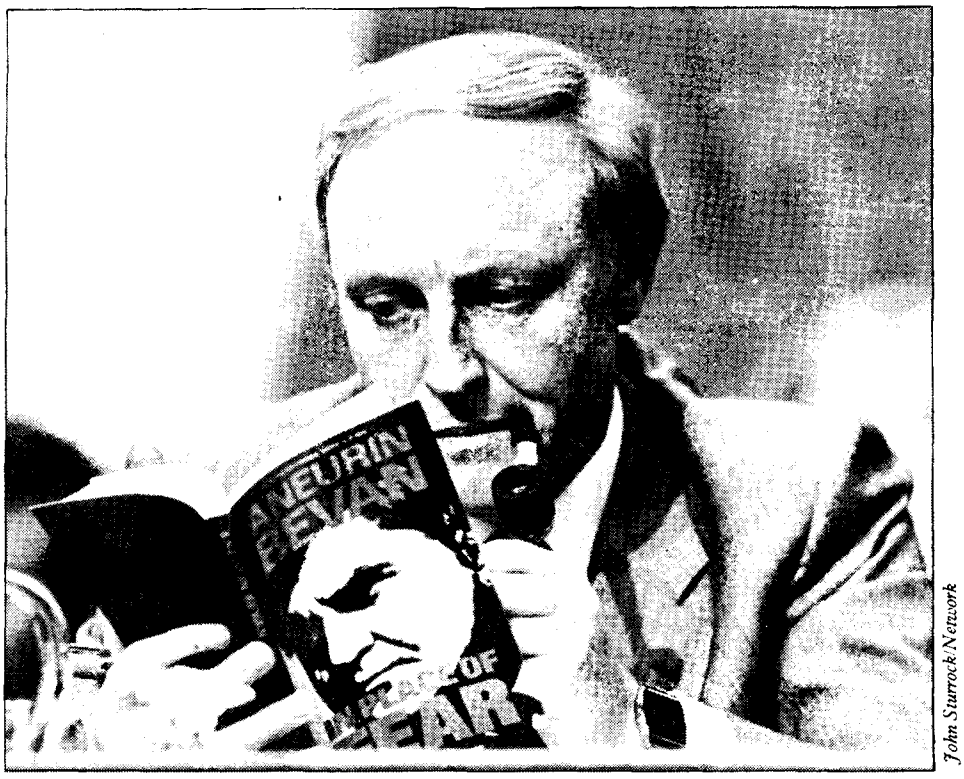

John Sturrock/Network

Neil Kinnock deriving his 'radicalism and legitimacy from inherited tradition'

cal battles over both the economy and our commitment to individual liberty. At times we have permitted a set of beliefs that begins from the practical desire to foster the political and economic liberty of all people to look like a dogma that relegates liberty to being a tedious bourgeois fad. This is no new problem. In 1936 George Orwell had to advise, with desperation in his tone: 'Justice and Liberty! Those are the words that have to ring out like a bugle across the world'. But that 'underlying ideal of socialism', he said, had been 'buried beneath layer after layer of doctrinaire priggishness, party squabbles and half-baked "progressivism" until it is like a diamond hidden under a mountain of dung.'

When timidity of some past leadership is put into perspective (and even when the excesses of the 'hard left', real and imagined, are understood for the minority features they are), the real cause of Labour's ideological retreat, almost defeat, becomes clear. The vast majority of the British Labour movement does not like and never has liked the 'catechism' approach to politics. British socialists are so uncomfortable with garments of doctrine and with the script of the dialectic, that they have neglected to give a clamant articulation to the body of ideas – their ideology – which is, in fact, basic and clear and widely accepted. For many years this de-emphasising of the old public ideology of liberty, equality and economic progress did not seem seriously to impoverish the Labour movement. Many felt that we appeared to be faced by a pragmatic, concessionary and welfarist Conservatism that had, to be sure, its feudal throwbacks and its aberrant extremists, but was, in general, hateful for its past and infuriating mainly for the present smoothness of its hypocrisy. That has changed dramatically. Its present leadership is rabidly doctrinaire. The benign elements are mere decorations. The Party's rank and file adores the cruel simplicities of Thatcherism and its adolescents can be whipped into a state or moronic ecstacy by a jester's invitations to 'bomb Russia'. And that born-again Toryism, which is the real mould destroyer of present-day politics, is now in extended power. The Labour movement had failed to give itself the time, the strength, the knowledge, or the tenacity and clarity of policy to win understanding of our real proposals, or support for our intentions.

Democratic Socialists cannot afford to repeat these failures. We must make plain in a way that relates to all men and women, in language and for purposes that all men and women understand, *what* we believe, *why* we believe it, *how* we intend to put these beliefs into practice and *what* the consequences of that implementation will be for our country. And all the time we must remind ourselves that, while there is public support for many of our individual policies, this will *not* be automatically translated into support for the Party itself. Such support comes from an overall legitimacy and cohesion, rather than from the addition of individual policies: from whether or not people perceive the Labour Party as an alternative government; from whether or not socialism is seen to be an extension of the historical, social and democratic traditions of this country; and from whether socialists are more exercised by winning arguments among themselves than by winning elections against opponents. No movement, however valid in terms of rationality, morality, or 'purity', will be capable of transforming Britain's future unless it is seen to derive its radicalism and legitimacy from inherited tradition.

'The business of transforming society needs the support of the confident as well as the disadvantaged.'

THE FIRST STEP in rebuilding support for democratic Socialism is to recognise frankly that every socialist movement can exhibit not only flaws of caution and complacency on the Right, but seductive, superficially radical, but ultimately self-destructive tactics and strategy on the *ultra*-Left. The fate of democratic Socialists seems to be that they always have to fight on two fronts. Until quite recently, the main attack on democratic Socialism has come from a social democracy, once inside the Labour Party, but now outside – to use the term in its modern, not classical or Marxist sense.

The essence of the social democrat philosphy is that the present economic system is capable of overcoming its own contradictions and of providing full employment and sustained growth. This was at least plausible when it was first argued by Anthony Crosland in the 1950s and it was an argument that took place within the Labour Party. (I would not insult his memory by implying that if he were still alive he would be part of the Social Democratic Party.) Near-full employment and increases in production and consumer spending bolstered the view that, with a little modification here and there, the economy would continue to fulfill its promise of self-sustaining growth. Moreover, since the largely free enterprise economy was apparently proving itself capable of producing a higher national product each year, it was assumed that social and economic inequalities would be gradually eliminated by purely fiscal measures, designed to redistribute the extra wealth thus created to those most in need. So, for social democrats, property ownership had become peripheral to the determination of economic control or political power. Socialist values could be achieved through the tax system. Far from being about the reorganisation of property relations, socialism could be redefined in terms of welfare alone: the relief of social distress and the reduction of gross inequality.

Temporary boom conditions of capitalism gave rise to the illusion, even in such a sensible man as Crosland, that the inefficiencies of capitalism – its tendency to create mass unemployment, poverty and squalor – had been overcome. I disagreed with Tony Crosland when I read him 20 years ago, but I do not claim any special prescience. My views were formed by a congenital suspicion of the upper-crust, resulting from my good fortune in my upbringing in South Wales, assisted by the microscope of Bevan's booklet *Why Not Trust the Tories*.

The assumption of a civilised capitalism and a modulated Toryism formed the foundation stone of Crosland's whole substantial argument. The sincerity of his ideals is un-

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questionable, but the whole theoretical edifice has now collapsed in the face of a real underlying figure of five million unemployed; of six million below the poverty line; and of the revival of an utterly doctrinaire, reactionary and class-orientated Tory Party intent on demolishing the Welfare State. In fairness, it has to be said that those of real intellectual stature and associated with the social democratic trend were not prepared to disregard blindly the economic evidence, which was increasingly eroding the premise

'Some of his avowed followers would do well to recall that Trotsky himself pointed out that "It is not enough to create a programme, it is necessary that the working class accept it."'

on which their argument was based. In the United States, Professor J. K. Galbraith had already destroyed the myth for any who cared to hear. And the political assumptions proved as false as the economic premise: in this country we have also seen the collapse of Butskellism and consensus politics, with in fact the Tories breaking the mould.

Those of less intellectual honesty and stature, however, find it difficult to admit their mistakes, especially if their political careers are at stake. When rational argument prevails, they seek refuge inside a new bastion: a party based on expediency, opportunism, nostalgia and self-importance and living on the new elixir of Proportional Representation. Their usurpation of the title 'Social Democrat' is not only a testimony to their own chameleon and wholly reactive politics, but an offence to the real legacy of Crosland and those who originally embraced the label.

THE REJECTION of social democratic ideology and policies is not enough. Some on the Left have adopted tactics and attitudes which are, consciously or unconsciously, just as contrary to democracy as the Right is to Socialism. I refer not so much to the *policies* as to the *attitudes* associated with some of the 'hard Left' – whether they are components of the Labour Party, or uninvited appendages at the fringe. If the Labour Party follows their lead, it courts disaster, for no political institution can assume that it has a divine right to continue to exist. It has to earn that right with every new generation or else just dwindle away into some socialist debating society.

Yet knowing what to reject is not the same thing as adopting the correct course. We in the Labour Party are neither impossibilists, nor adventurers. We do not gamble on a sudden crisis which will, as if by magic, precipitate a socialist Utopia. Nor do we put forward a programme to be achieved by violence or bloodshed, nor yet one whose justifications lie in its pristine, socialist purity. Some of his avowed followers would do well to recall that Trotsky himself pointed out that 'It is not enough to create a programme, it is necessary that the working class accept it. But the sectarian, in the nature of things, comes to a full stop upon half the task'. The correct programme without popular support, he said, was 'mere sectarianism' – a commonplace enough observation, but for the fact that it goes unheeded today by those who call themselves his followers.

Any strategy, indeed, which does not pay enough attention to the institutions, customs and traditions of a country is like the poverbial seed thrown on stony ground. Unless the roots of a movement are, and are seen to be, deeply embedded in local soil, they will inevitably wither. In Britain's case, it is essential that we extend, rather than discredit, parliamentary democracy. That is precisely why we draw a distinction between *extra*-parliamentary activity and *anti*-parliamentary activity and why we support and encourage extra-parliamentary democracy as an essential and honourable part of British democracy.

Democratic socialists must prepare the ground for the day when a Labour Government is elected to Parliament on a socialist programme, backed by a popular mandate. It is at that stage that the real anti-parliamentary actions of those who place privilege and profits before democratic decisions will be exposed: and it is then that extra-parliamentary action, in support of Parliament, will be most needed. No one should make a fetish out of Parliament itself. It is not a totem pole to be danced around. Parliamentary democracy is (or should be) a rational code of behaviour for securing and safeguarding social, economic, political and cultural justice by the use of reason. Democratic socialists deliberately uphold it as the consciously preferred system of government. We, who have no power of financial manipulation or a popular Press to advance our case and defend our values, require Parliament as the basic tool of democracy – a platform for our views, a means of succour for those we seek to help, the most dependable instrument for preventing the reversal of progress. That means, and has always meant, that extra-parliamentary activity is complementary to intra-parliamentary activity. But it is as absurd to think that extra-parliamentary activity can be the effective way to achieve and execute effective power, as it is slanderous in a democracy to treat peacefully protesting citizens as enemies of Parliament.

Again it was R. H. Tawney who had most salutary words to say in rather similar political conditions in the 1930s. He drew attention to the existence of a large body of opinion in Britain:

> . . . which is sensitive on such subjects as personal liberty, freedom of speech and meeting, tolerance, the exclusion of violence from politics, parliamentary government – what, broadly, it regards as fair play and the guarantees for it. The only version of socialism which . . . has the smallest chance of winning mass support is one which accepts that position. Its exponents must realise that the class which is the *victim* of economic exploitation, instead of merely reading about it, is precisely the class which attaches most importance to these elementary decencies . . . If the public, and particularly the working class public, is confronted with the choice between capitalist democracy, with all its nauseous insincerities, and undemocratic socialism, it will choose the former every time. They must make it clear beyond the possibility of doubt that the socialist commonwealth which they preach will be built on democratic foundations.

DEMOCRACY MEANS helping all working people, all of us who must sell our labour for our livelihood, to achieve control of our own conditions of life. And for democratic socialists it means persuasively debating with, and attempting to persuade opponents and waverers – not endlessly disputing among ourselves. Above all we need, to borrow an analogy from Robert Tressell, to argue with those modern 'ragged trousered philanthrophists', whose own trousers may be in one piece, but who believe that we can cut our way to prosperity: that we can have better hospitals, homes and schools by spending less on them; that we can surround the young with violence and materialism and insecurity and still expect them to grow up straight; that the purchased choice of education or health care is vital to democracy, when the mere exercise of that privilege by the minority unavoidably diminishes the provision and the rights of the majority; that some can safely keep jobs and incomes whilst many around are losing theirs; that standards of pay and safety can be maintained without the vigilance and insistence of trade unionism; that democracy is alive and well, while newspaper emperors regiment opinions and a government can obscure the stupidity and arrogance which

THIS ENGLAND

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☐ The boy who dreamed of becoming a Methodist minister dreaded being accused of not having done a day's work. So Peter Graves became a civil servant in the Ministry of Pensions. – *Sutton Borough Guardian* (Tony Mullen)

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☐ Paul Delprat was painting by the Serpentine when he observed a woman take a duck from her shopping bag and put it in the water to lure the drakes. As the drakes approached the woman snatched them, wrung their necks and tossed them in the litter baskets. When Delprat remonstrated the woman rounded on him: 'There are too many drakes in the world,' she cried. 'They are raping the ducks and the owls and even the swans.' – *The Times* (Jack Thornton)

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cause crises with the thrills and spills of far away battles, or with stage-managed news from international summit meetings.

The section of public opinion that is now comatose with such complacencies can be awakened. The people who still live in comfortable illusion can be educated. Democratic Socialism can show its operational superiority and its moral vision in a way that regains support and wins new strength. But those objectives cannot be accomplished if there are any in the Labour movement that are content to potter about in outmoded positions, or if there are any who are so obsessed with ideology that they cannot see people for slogans; so self-righteous that they refuse to deal with realities; so busy chanting that they never stop to listen to anything, or anyone, who does not patronise their simplicity. Those who believe that a small, organised vanguard, equipped with the right ten point plan, can use the anticipated despair of depressed masses to win power are suicidally foolish. They always have been. The British Labour Movement has long understood the truth of Frederick Engels's maxim – very much with British conditions in mind – that 'revolutions of small conscious minorities at the head of unconscious masses are at an end' and that 'the task of socialist parties in political democracies' is 'to work for an uninterrupted increase in votes and carry on the slow propaganda of parliamentary activity'.

The way that rival vanguards create and conduct disputes can make them the new 'philanthropists', weakening the Labour Movement by dividing it ideologically; wasting its energies with unnecessary internal conflict; making idealism look like naïveté, or even madness; making realism look like evasion. They may hate Toryism; but not enough to harm it by defeating it politically. They prefer the comforts of indignation to the challenges of victory. They reduce politics to the level of a hobby. And in so doing they become the benefactors of the enemies that we have to defeat, if we are to gain political power for democratic socialism and if we are to provide new access to employment, opportunity, care and liberty for the people of our country.

'We, who have no power of financial manipulation or a popular Press to advance our case and defend our values, require Parliament as the basic tool of democracy.'

Let everyone heed what most know already – that socialists have enough of a task on their hands in winning people away from deference to capitalism, without having to fight on the other front of reassuring them that socialism is neither malevolent extremism nor tepid Toryism. That task is difficult enough when capitalism slanders socialism as a conspiracy against democracy, Christianity and the family. But when some socialists give the impression that our aims are destructive and aggressive, or others appear to be indistinguishable from the enemy, the problems of socialist persuasion become even greater.

We owe ourselves and those who gave us democratic Socialism better than that. We owe the people of today better than that. By reason and radicalism, through the very common sense of socialism we can work *with* them and *for* them to rescue and revive our country and fulfil our obligations to the wanting of the world. Social democracy cannot do that. Ancient and modern Conservatism does not even want to do that. That can only be done by democratic Socialism, Aneurin Bevan's 'child of modern society' that 'seeks the truth in any given situation knowing all the time that if this be pushed too far it falls into error . . . '; that 'struggles against the evils that flow from private property, yet realises that all forms of private property are not necessarily evil'; that knows 'how to enjoy the struggle whilst recognising that progress is not the elimination of struggle, but rather a change in its terms.'

We shall enjoy the struggle. And we shall win. □

This article is an edited and revised version of the John P. Mackintosh Memorial Lecture delivered in June this year.

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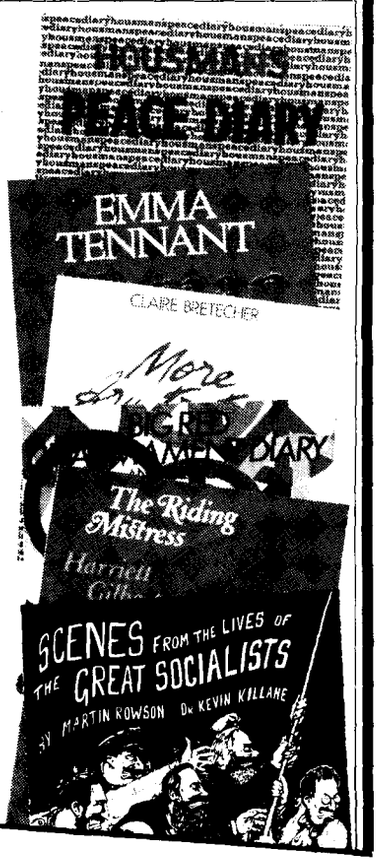

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ENVIRONMENT

Life and crimes

Richard Kinsey and Jock Young challenge a myth

Steve Benbow/Network

'Vandalism, breach of the peace or street crime are an environmental blight'

THE NEW Home Secretary has promised a thorough review of all aspects of the criminal justice system. He wants a fresh approach and a new Tory realism on law and order.

Mr Brittan is already committed to tougher sentences for serious and violent offenders, to extended powers for the police and to building ten new prisons to hold the product. At the same time, he adopts a more liberal posture. He wants – as Home Secretaries before him have done – to reduce prison overcrowding, to introduce and encourage non-custodial alternatives for petty offenders and to see more, more sensitive, bobbies back on the beat.

Unfortunately, it is Parkinson's, not Brittan's law which will rule. Give the police more powers and they will use them. Create more prisons and the magistrates will fill them. Create unemployment and crime will rise. We have seen it all before and should expect nothing different. After all, it is now well understood by the Tory leadership that those who suffer most from crime are not the affluent Tory voters of the suburbs, but the working class and the dispossessed of the inner cities.

Yet, as Leon Brittan contemplates his findings and his grass roots, Labour remains peculiarly reluctant to enter the debate.

The Left has always been unsure about crime. By history and tradition, law and order is something socialists have feared will be used against them and not, as today it should be, a necessary social provision for the poor. At best, Labour has merely responded to circumstance, seeking only to water down the worst excesses of the Tory Right. Given the new concentration of Labour's power in the inner cities, this reticence will and must be overcome.

The reason is simple. Crime is one of the most direct and immediate symptoms of deprivation. It hurts in a way that cuts in education, for example, do not – at the time, as well as cumulatively. For a working-class woman striving to make ends meet, if her rent is nicked or her gas meter robbed, crime is the last straw. It compounds all the other problems which beset daily life. The problem of crime, for the poor, is immediate then. But it also encapsulates and makes concrete all the other social and economic injustices of capitalism in crisis.

The antipathy of the far Left towards tackling crime is astounding. In *Socialist Register 1982*, for example, Paul Gilroy, a member of the GLC Police Committee Support Unit, has argued that crime and violence are hardly any problem for working-class people. Rather, the Far Left claims, crime is a form of proto-revolutionary action, which the police and the mass media have blown up to create a smoke-screen behind which the strong state tools up.

This, as Edward Thompson once noted, is a 'marvellously abstract notion', but it is one which has a potent hold. It provides a ready justification for the Left once again to avoid the problem. In Hackney, for example, at a recent meeting of the Borough Police Committee, it was apparent that a substantial number of members felt crimes of the police to be a major problem in the area. Quite so. But to conclude by default that this is the only crime problem in Hackney would be absurd.

The Labour Right fares no better. There is a private acceptance that, on law and order, the 'traditional' Labour vote is intractably reactionary, lining up with the hangers and floggers of the Conservative Party. In consequence, through fear of losing votes, the Parliamentary Party has trailed impotently in the footsteps of the Tories (witness their failure and disarray on the Criminal Justice [Scotland] Act).

Thus both Labour's Left and Right have failed to connect with the immediate experience of working class life. There is clearly a need for a heavy injection of realism. It is as wrong for the far Left to argue that street crime is not a problem for the working classes as it is for the Tory Right to argue that crime is a major problem for the middle classes – and as it is for the Labour traditionalists to swallow the rhetoric and live in fear for their votes. Study after study has shown that the poor are more likely to be the victims of crime than the rich and that the impact of crime increases with economic and social vulnerability. At the same time, more and more research denies the populist claim that a punitive public craves its revenge in harsher prison sentences and tougher policing.

A NEW LEFT realism must throw out the popular myths of crime. It must recognise that crime is very rarely committed by the 'hardened villain': most often, the culprits are young people who drift in, then out, of delinquency. Far from being set on a life of crime, they are, quite literally, playing at it. However, it must also recognise that, while an average criminal offence may be trivial, a thousand become a real problem. It is not the isolated act of vandalism, but the sum of such acts which destroys a neighbourhood.

The problem of crime is first and foremost about the quality of life. As such, it needs to be approached as an environmental issue, just like problems of pollution, health or damp housing. It is not enough to point the finger at the individual child, or self-righteously to blame 'the family'. A socialist programme of law and order must bring crime within a much broader compass and extend local participation in – and control over – decisions affecting the immediate environment.

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Vandalism, breach of the peace or street crime are as much an environmental blight as air pollution and acid rain and derelict factories. Crime and the environment must be politically linked together. Heavy lorries, repeatedly exceeding their speed and weight limits, bumping off the pavements in their chicken runs through the city, are as criminal as the thief on the street. Cutting other corners – in planning and building control; in health and safety regulations; in local licensing laws and dumping rubbish – are all part of the same problem.

Crime and the environment present a particular challenge to the Labour Party and its new realist leadership. It is no longer the case that the politics of the inner cities can be organised solely through the factories and the workplace. All too often, there are no factories and there is no work. Nor can voluntary community action, as advocated by the Liberals, be relied upon. Successful though community groups have been, as for example in the campaign against vandalism in Greenock, without coordinated financial and organisational support such schemes tend to be sporadic and burn themselves out as personal commitment and energy is exhausted.

The new style of Labour administration in the inner cities offers some hope. It talks of decentralisation of town hall structures and of going out to the people – for example, with local housing offices and police-public consultation procedures. But it remains within a strongly Fabian tradition. A new professional middle class – now often the backbone of the local party as well as of the council office – seeks to service the community 'in its own best interest'. Decentralisation frequently means no more than better 'research and intelligence' about areas already designated 'of concern'.

Increasingly, new issues and ways of organising are forcing themselves on the socialist movement. But, if the Labour Party is to bring about the alliances projected by, for example, Eric Hobsbawm (*Guardian* 3 October), it must articulate the issues as well as identify the new constituencies. One of the things that can and does unite women, the poor, blacks and the unskilled, as much as the 'upwardly mobile' working class, is precisely the quality of everyday life. Crime and the environment can provide an immediate and specific focus to a new Labour realism.

If the Tory solution is to abandon the inner cities and look on from the safety of the urban ring roads, Labour must start from the reality of working class anxieties and take crime seriously. Crime and environmental disorder will not go away. Rather, they can provide a vehicle for a socialism which respects the collective rights, responsibilities and capacities of those for whom social transformation is not just an ideal, but a necessity. □

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POLITICS

Scots reeling

Rob Edwards observes the nationalists' post-mortem

Rothesay

IT IS NOT ONLY the Labour Party that has been riven with internal dissension, has performed disastrously at the general election and has suffered a severe financial crisis. The Scottish National Party, which last week held its three-day annual conference at Rothesay, on the Isle of Bute, has also had its full measure.

It also, like the Labour Party, is making every effort to put a brave face on its difficulties and greet the world with exceptional optimism. The conference – postponed from May because of the election – was described by SNP chairman and one of the party's only two MPs, Gordon Wilson, as 'the best, happiest and friendliest conference we've had for six or seven years'.

Certainly, the scars from the party's damaging struggle to exercise the socialist 79 Group, which ended in compromise before the election was called, do seem to be healing. But the fact that, in June, the SNP polled less than 12 per cent of the vote in Scotland – compared to 30 per cent at its peak in 1974 – has taken its inevitable toll. The trouble is that the SNP, like any party that has been severely injured, is now flaying around trying to sort itself out on such fundamental questions as its political strategy and organisation.

Just as it is difficult to portray the divide over the 79 Group as a simple left/right struggle (it was an argument as much over methods as policy), so it is hard to characterise the differences of opinion that emerged in Rothesay. Gordon Wilson went to the conference with a package of measures designed substantially to change policy in key areas. He wanted to modify the party's 'independence nothing less' image, to allow him latitude to consider individual proposals for devolution on their merits. In this he was successful, although, immediately afterwards, a motion supporting his plan for an elected constitutional convention was thrown out by 173 votes to 141.

It is a measure of the party's confusion that, one minute, it can vote to open the door to constructive devolutionary measures and, the next, promptly shut it in the face of one such scheme. It is a measure of the party's lack of confidence that senior members explain the 'unfortunate' second decision by suggesting that too many delegates were restless and wanted to go to the toilet after the two and half hour debate on the previous motion. It is also being suggested that the two decisions taken together do not rule out SNP support for a constitutional convention – as long as it is suggested by someone else. Gordon Wilson, however, reckons that the idea may gain acceptance at a future SNP conference; but it is, in any case, an academic issue – given Thatcher's intransigence and Labour's impotence, it will not arise as a serious proposition in the next five years.

The divisions over the relationship between independence and devolution are familiar and deep. Many on the Left have argued forcefully and pragmatically in favour of supporting devolution schemes, such as the Scottish Assembly, but they have been opposed by others, mainly traditionalists on the Right, who favour campaigning purely and simply for independence. At Rothesay, independence hardliners like senior vice-chairman Jim Fairlie and SNP president Donald Stewart MP pointed out that devolution was a diversionary issue and a barrier rather than a

But on what sort of independence will it be voting?

The Scotsman

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bridge to independence. They were countered by left-wing gradualists, such as former 79 Group member Alex Salmond, who argued that devolution was more likely to win public support than out-and-out independence. Ironically, it is the hard-line view that is shared by a majority of the 13 office bearers elected to the party's National Executive by the conference, although this could just change when the remaining ten delegates are elected by the National Council in a couple of weeks time.

OUTSIDE ROTHESAY a bewildering array of nationalist strategies have been mooted. Former SNP president Billy Wolfe has suggested establishing a Scottish constitution supported by a majority of the people without reference to Westminster, while senior activist Isobel Lindsay has outlined a scheme that would need Westminster approval. Gavin Kennedy, a maverick nationalist, has urged that 'independence nothing less' should be replaced by 'independence nothing else' – a strategy that would leave the SNP fighting elections in the ludicrous position of having no policies on anything other than the national question.

One of the nationalist Left's former gurus, Jim Sillars, has argued – from the safe distance of his new life as a businessman in Saudi Arabia – that the independence/devolution argument is irrelevant at the moment. The SNP should, he says, 'set aside the devolution prank, let the hardliners grunt in their caves and have a row on something that matters' – that is, policy on the EEC. Sillars sees many virtues in mounting an 'independence within the Community' campaign as a way of losing the SNP's damaging 'separatist' tag. The EEC was another of the issues on which Gordon Wilson successfully altered policy at Rothesay to enable the SNP to take a much more positive approach towards EEC membership – thus moving at least some of the way towards the Sillars strategy.

In another echo of Labour's post-electoral concerns, the third major policy change advocated by Wilson – this time unsuccessfully – was on defence. He failed to persuade delegates to drop their opposition to NATO and has now accepted that policy on this issue is not likely to be changed in the forseeable future. The SNP retained its long held unilateralist committment to removing all nuclear bases and weapons from Scottish soil.

Organisational changes in the SNP are likely to follow the in-depth commission of inquiry set up after the election by Gordon Wilson. It has a wide ranging remit to examine the structure of the party and it is not expected to report until next year. The SNP's latest financial statement, presented privately to the conference and leaked to the press, shows that income dropped dramatically last year due to a 25 per cent fall in the sale of membership cards. The obvious conclusion, that membership has declined accordingly, is not denied by party officials, although it is policy to refuse to publish membership statistics. According to *The Scotsman*, membership is now 'no higher than 18,000', compared to a claimed 80,000 in the mid-1970s. SNP officials admit however that the latter figure was probably a exaggeration and point out that in recent months membership has again started to grow. Some activists have left the SNP for non-party political work, while others have joined the Labour Party. The question for the future is whether they will stay there, or return to the nationalist fold and help make it again an important political force. □

REFORM

Legal lassitude

Geoffrey Bindman calls on Labour lawyers to wake up to the need for a policy

LABOUR POLICY on the legal system, in particular its administration and the delivery of legal services, is inadequate. This is hardly surprising: the law has been dominated by conservative lawyers, protecting class interests behind expensive rituals which socialists have found hard to penetrate. Harold Wilson's Royal Commission on Legal Services, which reported in November 1979, failed disastrously, its few radical members routed by the professional establishment. Yet a democratic socialist society above all requires an efficient system of justice, equally accessible to all and capable of safeguarding individual and collective rights. Reform of the law should be a central element in Labour's programme.

The 1983 manifesto 'New Hope for Britain' promised increased public expenditure on new law centres and legal aid, together with the creation of a new Legal Services Commission with executive powers. It had nothing to say about the restrictive practices of the legal profession, or the judiciary, or the chaotic conglomeration of courts and tribunals, each with different rules and powers, where justice so often gets lost in verbiage and confusion. The Legal Services Commission is an excellent idea, suggested by the Legal Action Group. But much more work is needed before a fully developed programme can be presented.

Inadequacy of legal policy in the Labour Party is not only the result of natural repugnance towards the historic enemy. It is also the fault of Labour lawyer-politicians shrinking from attempts to reform the legal profession. It is rare, especially for barristers, to escape the flattering freemasonry of the Inns of Court. Moreover, there is currently no well organised and effective body within the party campaigning for law reform. The reason goes back to 1949, when the Haldane Society of Democratic Lawyers fell foul of the anti-communist paranoia of the time. Though it had become affiliated to the Labour Party in 1937, the Haldane admitted members from outside the party. By 1949 several of its leading members were communists or, like D. N. Pritt and John Platts-Mills, 'fellow travellers', whom the Labour Party had expelled. After a proposal to exclude non-Labour Party members was defeated, the party loyalists departed to form the Society of Labour Lawyers.

The Haldane has remained the more vital and radical organisation. Its meetings are livelier and better attended: it has better links with the trade unions and has been active internationally in the protection of human rights. It still has many Labour Party members, but is no longer affiliated to the party and lacks direct political influence.

The Society of Labour Lawyers, on the other hand, includes the front bench and aspiring lawyer politicians – Peter Archer is the current chairman and Sam Silkin a recent predecessor. Over the years it has tried to be a legal think tank for the party. In 1963 *Law Reform Now* (modelled on a Haldane Society book 'The Reform of the Law' published in 1951) was the blueprint for many policies later implemented by the 1964 government. The Law Commission, brainchild of Gerald Gardiner, was proposed in this book. Recently, however, support from younger radical lawyers has waned and several prominent members, including ex-chairman Bruce Douglas-Mann, have defected to the SDP.

To bring *Law Reform Now* up to date, a sequel *More Law Reform Now* is published this month. It is co-edited by Peter Archer, with Lord Gardiner as consultant editor. Like *Law Reform Now* it is a collection of essays highlighting the defects in several areas of the law and suggesting remedies, but it cannot be read as a coherent policy for law reform. It is the work of individual contributors, many of whom are not active in the Society or in the Labour Party. It is not based on any programme of research or thought by the Society.

Sadly, the response of the Society of Labour Lawyers where research and legal ingenuity are required has been notably sluggish. Nor has there been much effort to mount resistance to Tory attacks on basic rights. Scant support was provided for the harassed Opposition MPs on the Police and criminal Evidence Bill Committee, on which the Tories were well briefed by Home Office lawyers. Instead the whole job was left to the National Council for Civil Liberties (who, as it happens, did it superbly). Voluntary organisations, like the NCCL and the Legal Action Group – outside the Labour Party and with stretched resources – should not have to carry the burden alone, though their viewpoint is unlikely to differ from Labour on any major issue. It is time that Labour lawyers and others interested in the legal system got themselves organised to give the party the legal back-up and ideas it needs. □

More Law Reform Now *is available from Barry Rose (Publishers) Ltd, Little London, Chichester, W. Sussex, PO19 1PG; price £12 (hardback), £7.50 (paperback).*

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DIARY

Christopher Price

Brighton

At last Labour's had a hair cut and trimmed its television image. For the Brighton Conference the party's managers invested £7,500 in a new, elegant backdrop to the stage, all in gentle orange tones, in place of the garish red ones with which we lost the election. They also did their best to tone down the public perception of party policy with the less-than-inspiring slogan FOR A FAIRER, BETTER BRITAIN. Trimming the actual script of party policy will be rather more difficult and take a little longer, though both halves of the new dream leadership are equally anxious to do it.

○

Whether this warm, united image can be sustained through the next four years will depend on Kinnock's ability to weld the party's resources together. Labour's most fundamental split has always been that between the Party in Walworth Road and the politicians in Westminster. Even at Westminster, the human resources are split three ways between the PLP, the 'Shadow' barons and the Leader's office – now rejuvenated by Kinnock's 'famous five' under Dick Clements. They're all estimable youngsters, but, as Julia Langdon pointed out in the *Guardian*, there's no management structure. Labour at Westminster needs some system of accountability and someone in charge. The task of creating such a system has been avoided in the past, because it would have forced a decision on where the lines of responsibility lay – whether upwards, through the patronage of the Leader, or democratically downwards to the PLP and the Party. Under the one system, Dick Clements would seem to be the new natural boss; in the other, Bryan Davies the PLP secretary. But the PLP now controls £⅓ million of public money which goes to pay the salaries of Labour's Westminster functionaries. (It used to go straight into the Leader's pocket.) The PLP should instruct its Chairman, Jack Dormand, not to release the cheque until some unified management structure is worked out. Otherwise, we'll be back to warring satraps in no time.

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Now I'm out of the place, I can discuss dispassionately with my former colleagues their chances of jobs in the Shadow Cabinet. I do hope the process of rejuvenation carries over into Parliament and the PLP give Kinnock a clean, young team to replace the extinct volcanoes of the Wilson and Callaghan years. Most of all, Labour needs a new Chief Whip. Michael Cocks, the present incumbent, has held the job through a decade of decline and hardly served the Party well by his advocacy of the ill-fated (and mysteriously financed) legal action against the Boundary Commissioners just before the election. He is being opposed by three hopefuls – Peter Snape, Terry Davis and John Evans. The Whips are just one more Mafia within the PLP whose loyalty Kinnock will need; and the Chief Whip needs to be a tough and nasty piece of work to hold the show on the road. Labour MPs would be wise to vote for the nastiest one they can find among Cocks's three aspirant opponents.

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Still, the hard Left isn't giving up; it's deeply suspicious of the dream leadership and, anyway, addicted to organising Labour Party elections, couldn't kick the habit now even if it wanted to. Probably its most accomplished practitioner in these matters is Jon Lansman, circulation manager of *Tribune* and the delegate from Greenwich. He's a cut above most of Labour's professional lobbyists, because he studied statistics rather than politics at Cambridge. He did much to hype Michael Meacher's campaign – all of which was music to the ears of SDP journalists, who regarded Kinnock-Meacher as *their* dream ticket. So the hyping went on until the recent epidemic of democracy broke out within the movement. Coping with the introduction of one member-one vote into the equation will probably be even too complicated for Lansman's formidable organisational and statistical skills. Eric Hobsbawm, at a fringe meeting before the conference started, laid into the 'NUS politicians' within the party and I felt a twinge of agreement with him. They've been a disappointment. Half of them – like Mike Thomas, Ian Wrigglesworth and Tom McNally – defected to the SDP and the rest conspired on the far Left. I suspect they're such a scheming lot because conspiracy was the only consummate skill they acquired at university.

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The current problem of the hard Left is that their heroes keep failing them. It has now transpired that Michael Meacher actually voted for Kinnock rather than Heffer; and they are already rumbling that his speeches this week have become so liberally spliced with words like 'flexibility' and 're-think' that he too is drifting fatally towards the centre and they'll have to find a more reliable standard bearer next time. It looks as though they'll leave the Leadership and the Deputy Leadership undisturbed for a few years now and have a serious go next year at Eric Varley's incumbency of the Treasurership. The suggested candidate is Arthur Scargill. Since he's not a member of the TUC's General Council, he's eligible and rightly thought to be of sterner stuff than Meacher. If they do mount a Scargill candidacy, I suspect it won't get far with the present mood in the constituencies, many of which rather enjoyed their excursion into one member-one vote for the leadership. My GMC in West Lewisham nominated Meacher for Deputy Leader, but was overruled by the membership who voted for Hattersley. If there was a Varley/Scargill contest next year, many constituencies would go out and ballot their members again.

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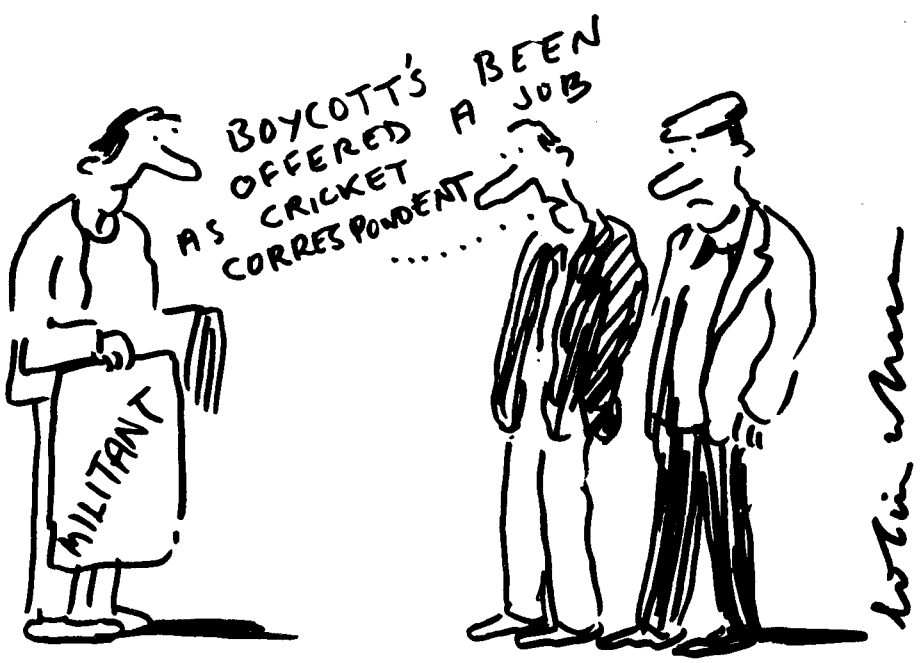
Better even than Kinnock's speech on Sunday, was that on Tuesday by David Blunkett, the blind leader of Sheffield who deservedly got on to the NEC. It is the first time anyone has been elected to the constituency section from a local government power base. In the old days, city bosses – apart perhaps from Herbert Morrison – were thought of as second or third-class politicians. Recently, there were moves to create a separate section to accommodate one or two of them with seats on the NEC. David has made that unnecessary now; and his election symbolises a profound shift for the better in the Party's balance from obsession with Parliament to respect for the grass roots. Though I'm sure he'll be in Parliament soon, I hope he's always thought of as leader of Sheffield.

Roger Woddis is on holiday.



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American as poison pie

A women's peace camp in Seneca County is stirring the locals up. Lynne Jones reports on the conflict of passions

THERE HAVE BEEN an unusually large number of American flags flying in Seneca County this summer. They hang from flagpoles on neatly kept lawns in front of freshly painted frame houses, from verandas, or pinned in windows. Small Memorial Day versions are planted along driveways and fly from people's cars. Patriotism is a sentiment you might expect to find in this part of white, rural, middle America, with its prosperous looking cornfields and vineyards caught between the Finger Lakes in Upper New York State. Proud of its involvement in American history, Seneca County boasts numerous metal plaques commemorating various battles of the War of Independence. This particular outburst, however, is due to a new kind of struggle.

The Women's Encampment for Peace and Justice was begun on 4 July outside Seneca Army Depot (SEAD) to draw attention to, and protest at, the probable storage there of nuclear weapons, including the neutron bomb and cruise missiles. This is neither admitted nor denied by army personnel. Circumstantial evidence, however, such as the reinforced storage areas, the specially trained personnel, and the fact that the 1980 DOD/DOE handbook identifies SEAD as the East Coast transhipment point for nuclear materials, makes it extremely likely.

The women see the encampment, inspired by Greenham, as building on the roots in the area of another, very American tradition: that of protest. Harriet Tubman's underground railroad for fugitive slaves ran close by and in 1848 the first ever women's rights convention was organised by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott at nearby Seneca Falls. The Methodist Chapel where that was held is now a launderette, and not all the local community, confronted with a new generation of articulate and defiant women, have been that welcoming; hence the flags.

The conflict began with local Romulus resident, Emerson Moran, offering the women an American flag. 'I thought if they flew the flag they would be communicating to their neighbours that they were Americans and not the crazy communists we thought they might be.' The women, however, after much discussion, politely rejected the offer. They pointed out that for many of them it was a symbol of military conquest and victory and that there were better symbols to communicate their message of internationalism and peace. So it would be left up to individual women to make flags or banners that meant something to them. Mr Moran, who agrees strongly with Abraham Lincoln that the flag represents 'the last hope of earth', communicated this reply to the press, with the result that flags blossomed everywhere.

Matters came to a head when, after a month of almost daily acts of civil disobedience at the main gate of the depot, a massive action was called for 1 August. On 30 July, 75 women walking on a legal march from Seneca Falls to the encampment were blocked on the bridge out of the neighbouring town of Waterloo by some 300 flagwaving, gun-carrying, hostile residents. The women, insisting on their right to march, sat down. The Sheriff, unable to clear the crowd or persuade the women to take an alternative route, arrested the women and charged them with disorderly conduct. He also arrested Mrs Clements, a local resident who had gone down to find out what was happening. 'I couldn't believe it. People I knew were shouting obscenities like "mace the whores". Someone was holding a sheet saying "nuke them till they glow so we can shoot them in the dark". The mayor was standing on the side of the street not doing anything. I was just so mad and so ashamed that this was my town. All I could think of was Alabama, when they blocked a bridge to stop civil rights protests. So I walked over and sat down.' Mrs Clements was released after three hours on her own surety, but the other women, refusing to give their real names, were held for five days until charges were dropped.

The event proved to be a turning point for the camp. The women's non-violent insistence on their constitutional right to protest brought not only national publicity, but the support of many more local people. Ken Greer, Sheriff for Seneca County, told me that his concern was to disperse the crowd and stop the women or anyone else getting killed. Others feel that, with elections coming this November, the fact that the crowd were shouting 'Go Greer go' and 'we voted you in, we can vote you out' may have influenced his choice of tactics. It's difficult to understand why, even if he detained the women for their own protection, he also had to charge them.

'It's this first amendment issue that's really stopped people sitting on the fence,' Sandy Martin told me. 'They see we are good Americans, using an American process and they've come out in open support.'

Flag-waving middle America clashes with the women's march for peace from Seneca Falls this summer

Paula Allen

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Sandy is local outreach coordinator, one of the paid staff positions at the camp. She feels that relationships with the community have improved greatly since the beginning. 'Women are being invited to speak in local churches. I'm preparing a pack for local schools with teachers in Romulus and we hold open meetings at Nicastros the local restaurant.'

'You see, the people who are hostile are very easy to spot and very vocal,' Nancy Alach, another staff person, said. 'The supportive ones aren't out there on counter-demos, so they're not easy to see.' She's convinced that overall the camp is a success in raising people's consciousness about the depot and the nuclear issue in general. It's impossible to open a local newspaper without reading letters or comments on the camp and Governor Cuomo is now asking if he has the right to know if nuclear bombs are stored there. As to the fears raised by their lifestyle, the anxieties about lesbianism and witchcraft, Nancy felt that trying to water down the image of who they were showed a lack of respect for the local people's ability to deal with them; though of course they tried to be sensitive.

CERTAINLY WHATEVER the conflicts outside the base I couldn't help being impressed by the appearance of orderliness and harmony within. It struck me from the moment I drove past two women 'greeters' and the banners flapping like washing on the front lawn beside a model cruise missile and picked up briefing sheets in a small shelter called 'nonregistration'. While trying to digest a whole new language of words like 'webs' (groups), 'focus' (a favourite, meaning pay attention) and 'respected policies', I wandered around enviously comparing the 52 acres of field and a small farm house owned by the women with our battered and temporary site at Greenham. I could not imagine what Newbury district council would make of Portajanes, Firepits, wooden walkways, dustbins labelled clear/-green, glass/compost, or the open-sided barns painted with women's symbols, where workshops were held on everything from massage to Nicaragua. Most of the organising is done through an evening general meeting, when women sign up for work (everyone is encouraged to do at least three hours a day) and announce workshops and planned actions for the following day. There were some 70 women of all ages, from as far away as Texas, California and Holland. 'One thing we are building is a successful network', Nancy said. 'Women stay awhile, then go home and organise.' Five more peace camps are due to start this autumn.

'All the same,' she continues, 'it isn't easy trying to reach agreement with women who've been here five minutes, or one week, or a month. You can say "this is a respected policy" arrived at by consensus and a new woman can say "I didn't make it, I don't agree, it should change!"' Nor, in spite of the title 'peace and justice', does she feel that they have done enough to reach Third World women. 'We understand the connections between problems, but in practice we don't address ourselves to their concerns.' 'Do you think you'll stop cruise missile deployment,' I asked. 'I don't know,' she said honestly. 'But I feel more effective here than anywhere else.'

The women have decided to continue camping through the autumn and are planning another massive action in October to coincide with Euro-missile demonstrations throughout Europe and the US. Consequently the 'state of emergency' declared by the sheriff on 30 July will also continue. But as I drove away in the late afternoon it all seemed very calm. A group of women sat outside the main gate doing a workshop on 'grandmothers', while an armed soldier stared impassively into the middle distance. Across the road in the Countryside Cafe, notices hung, announcing both a 'peace picnic' and the existence of a newly formed 'Committee for Strong America'. The diner owner, whose business has boomed, knows where his interests lie and has made it strictly neutral territory. We'd had breakfast there that morning, sitting between a row of military police at the counter, and women and children round the tables. They didn't converse. Then one of the sergeants asked for dessert. 'Is it extra for the nuclear poisoning on my pie?' he joked. Two months ago he might not have asked. □

USA

Nancy's cold

Claudia Wright on the electoral repercussions were Mrs Reagan seriously ill

Washington

WHEN MRS NANCY REAGAN has a headcold, a lot of people get cold feet. For if Mrs Reagan is ill (spending a week in bed with a headcold may be only the publicly announced symptom), then Mr Reagan may not run for re-election. If that happens, there is no Republican candidate – not Vice President George Bush, Tennessee Senator Howard Baker, or New York Representative Jack Kemp – who could keep the White House from the Democrats in 1984.

What's more, if Mr Reagan drops out, John Glenn loses the only claim he can make for the Democratic nomination – that he can beat Reagan by attracting Republican and independent voters who hate Walter Mondale. Mondale will be the Democratic nominee and he will win. It's that prospect which blew a chill wind through right-wing cloakrooms round the world last week.

A fortnight ago, Mrs Reagan's secretary announced, 'She had a cold and felt awful. Otherwise her health is fine. The gossip is worse than a cold epidemic.' The gossip is that Mrs Reagan is losing weight – and that there is a more serious malady.

In Mrs Reagan's social circle, losing weight is one of the two most interesting pastimes in life. The second is dressing, and one must pursue the former in order to do the latter with style. In her 1980 autobiography, Mrs Reagan wrote that she weighed 109 pounds, and kept that way by worrying. The numbers are juggled almost as wantonly as Mrs Reagan's age, but one thing is certified by the White House – she's lost at least ten pounds this year and is buying the new season's couture at size four rather than size six. (Officially, she is said to be having her clothes altered.)

The reason Mrs Reagan has given for the weight loss is that she's been worrying about her husband's safety and, since the death of her stepfather, about her mother's health. All that may be true, but this is the debut of the social season and nothing as serious as worrying, altered clothes or a headcold has caused Mrs Reagan to cancel her party engagements before. A woman who used to avoid eating during campaign luncheons by repeatedly masticating a single olive has the self-possession and grit to pursue her schedule, headcold or not. As she has written about the lesson she learned as an undergraduate at Smith College: 'You have to make the most of every moment and the miracle of every morning.' The inference – which has occupied all the major US newspapers – is that, for Mrs Reagan to cancel her engagements, she must be seriously ill.

THAT HAS initiated speculation about Mr Reagan's re-election decision. Gore Vidal recently allowed that the President had been a fine actor, a compliment that carries two corollaries – that he is still a fine actor, and that he can't act unless he has script and director to tell him what to do next. Mrs Reagan is pre-eminent among those who propel the President from scene to scene. If she is seriously ill, if she lacks the drive, or if Mr Reagan fears for his wife's health, he may abandon his plan to run again. The personal sentiment is one of the President's good points.

This would be a thunderbolt for the Democrats' presidential campaign. Senator John Glenn is, electorally speaking, just a shadow of Mr Reagan. He is the man who asks Democrats to pick him over former Vice President Mondale because he sounds close enough to Mr Reagan on public policy to look like attracting Reagan voters. As independent voters appear to be switching to Reagan while the economy improves, Glenn's handlers have told Democrats that Mr Mondale would have no chance of catching him.

This message looks better on paper than on television or in the flesh. Glenn isn't in Reagan's or Mondale's league. He freezes in interviews; he can't think quickly, can't amuse, can't convince. The President can't think quickly, either, but he does the other things quite well. Mondale can do them all. If Reagan dropped out now, Mondale would be as assured of winning the Presidency as Glenn – but the Democrats could afford to pick the genuine Democrat. ▷

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If the President is not around in 1985, and is a lame duck from now until then, how secure can the European governments be in pushing ahead with the Pershing and cruise missile deployments? What if a Mondale administration, pledged to a nuclear freeze and new arms talks with Moscow, abruptly halts the deployment? Carter left German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt high and dry when he suspended production of the neutron bomb. Mrs Thatcher could weather the storm, but Chancellor Helmut Kohl and Prime Minister Bettino Craxi are breaking their citizens' heads on this issue, and could lose their own at a stroke from Washington.

Then there is the gang of four – General Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan, General Kenan Evren of Turkey, President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines and General Augusto Pinochet of Chile. All are under intense internal pressure, which the Regan administration's support encourages them to resist. They won't topple from their thrones the minute that Mr and Mrs Reagan decide to return to Rancho Cielo, but the message from their generals and police chiefs will be unmistakable. To salvage Washington's support, they may have to make a graceful exit.

It would be very bad luck for President Mondale to have a handful of petty Shahs collapse on him in his first year. But, if Mrs Reagan's headcold persists, the collapse could come sooner. Then Mr Reagan might earn the blame he has justly deserved. □

ISRAEL

Stripping Gaza

Deborah Pugh on how Jerusalem profits from its territories

IN ISRAEL the issue is rarely discussed. But it is clear that the return of the 'occupied territories' will be opposed by any future government not only for security reasons, but because of clear-cut economic imperatives. The tight Israeli control which has been exerted over all aspects of the economies of Gaza and the West Bank has already resulted in what is in effect a total economic annexation.

The West Bank currently gets almost 90 per cent of its imports from Israel. Excluding the lucrative diamond trade, it is now Israel's largest market. In the occupied territories, Israeli products face little competition as Israel controls the import trade and ensures that it fits the requirements of the Israeli economy.

The occupied territories have also become essential to the Israeli economy as a source of extremely cheap labour with no political power. The flow of workers from the territories with their labour surplus began in the earliest days of the Israeli occupation, following Moshe Dayan's decision to open the borders. The Israeli economy had been suffering an acute labour shortage before the war. The manpower demands of occupying the territories precipitated a crisis which West Bankers and Gazeans were used to meet. According to government statistics, they now represent 5 to 6 per cent of the Israeli work force. Half work in construction where they provide one out of every two workers in the industry. The rest dominate other low paid manual jobs in factories, restaurants and hotels. At least half of the West Bank's work force is either employed directly in Israel concerns or is working locally for Palestinian entrepreneurs, subcontracting for Israeli factories for wages substantially below the Israeli average.

The West Bank has only managed to retain a degree of economic self-sufficiency because of its fertile agricultural sector. This will now be put under severe pressure by the continuing expansion of Israeli settlements and the restrictions being placed on the marketing of produce. The situation on the Gaza Strip is worst. Largely landless refugees, crowded into a tiny coastal enclave – with a population density of over 2,000 per square kilometre – are finding their tiny agricultural base being squeezed further by a repeated Israeli settlement drive. The population is almost totally dependent on employment directly linked to the Israeli economy. The Ministry of Labour estimates that 43 per cent of the workers in the Gaza Strip work in Israel, many staying overnight illegally rather than face a round trip of up to five hours a day.

The majority of workers who find work in the Strip are employed in subcontractors' factories. Karima is a typical example. She is 15 years old and has been working in a small dusty clothing factory in Gaza City for the past two years. If her family was not so poor, she would not be allowed to work. But the meagre £60 she earns a month – for an up to 10 hour day, 6 days a week – is essential to their survival.

Karima's factory is typical of hundreds dotting the Gaza Strip, the West Bank and even the Arab villages inside Israel. There are only a dozen employees, most are young women and children, with a sprinkling of men. The equipment is outdated and there is no Israeli enforcement of factory legislation governing safety or the age of workers. The work itself is monotonous; they simply sew together cheap clothing from cloth cut in Israeli factories. Large profits are being made by the Israeli factory owners and on a lesser scale by the Palestinian sub-contractors.

Palestinian men who work in Gaza or in the West Bank are paid double the women's rate, because the employers know that they can move to find better paid employment in Israel. But even in Israel their wages remain far below the national average. A recent study by the Histradut, ths Israeli Trade Union Federation, pointed to a 50 per cent differential between the income of construction workers from the occupied territories and that of Israelis.

An irony of the situation has been a dispute between the Israeli government and the Histradut over what shall be done with the social security contributions, amounting to millions of dollars, which have been paid by Palestinian workers to the Israeli government. Palestinians and the Histradut agree that the government is not providing even basic social services in the territories. The Histradut is arguing that it should be the agency to adminster the social security benefit fund. The Histradut's concern for the welfare of these workers, which does not extend to allowing union membership to non-Israeli citizens, is more the result of the decline of Israeli dues-paying members in the manual trades, which has dried up pension funds, especially in the construction union.

THE ISRAELI government publicly congratulates itself on its policies for having solved the unemployment problem in the occupied territories. It points to the growth in the West Bank's GNP as an indication of the prosperity which has accompanied the occupation. However, there is little doubt that this surface prosperity has been achieved at the expense of local development. There are now fewer West Bankers employed in local factories than there were in 1966. The vastly increased working class is employed in Israel, building up the Israeli economy at the expense of the West Bank's.

There is widespread bitterness and frustration among the Palestinian workforce. Many are highly educated graduates, given few options but to build settlements or work in factories. According to Amira Andrianov, the head of Israel's Textile Union, 'They (Palestinians from the territories) have no choice but to be satisfied with the monotonous work on the production line. Often they have education above the level of that of the manager, but their advancement opportunities are blocked.' Over 200,000 Palestinians have left since 1967. They are largely skilled young men between 21 and 35 who have found well-paying jobs in Jordon, the Gulf and the United States. Many Palestinians consider that the ultimate objective of Israeli policy is to force emigration on all those unwilling to settle for manual occupations.

The obvious answer to the dilemma of Palestinian surplus labour is the development of a local industrial base in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip to meet the Israeli competition for workers and for markets. The stumbling block is not lack of local and international capital. That is available. It is the hostility of the Israeli government to independent economic activity in the territories. This is demonstrated by the block on imported Arab capital. Moreover Palestinian entrepreneurs, with no protection from heavily subsidised Israeli products, see their only option as finding an Israeli partner and supplying the labour required.

The present situation has served the Israeli economy well. The territories are in effect an exploited colonial dependency. Israel would not want them transformed into an independent Palestinian state. □

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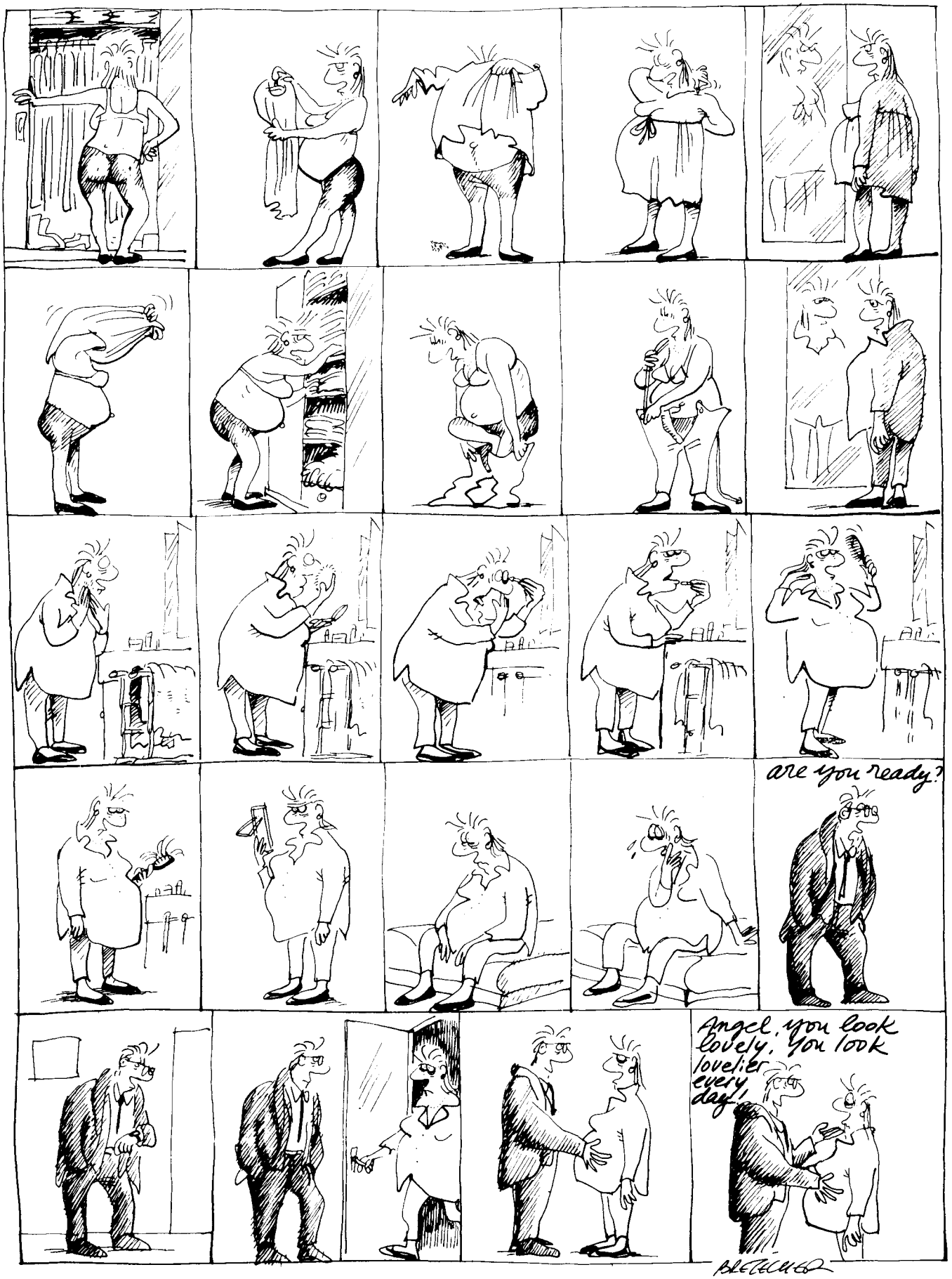
BRETECHER

ANGEL



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LETTERS

Supergrass roots

Mary Holland, c/o New Statesman

For a Socialist, Dr Bernard Crick has some interesting ideas about the administration of justice (Letters 30 September). He seems to suggest that, because he has 'not met anyone in Ireland who doubts the broad truth of the allegations (by the supergrasses): that the accused are guilty', the use of uncorroborated evidence by an informer to obtain convictions in the non-jury Diplock courts is, more or less, acceptable.

Leaving aside the question of whom Dr Crick has been talking to in Ireland – and I could introduce him to many people who do doubt that all the accused are guilty in supergrass trials – there is a dreadfully familiar ring to what he says. The argument that dubious means are justified to put dangerous men behind bars was first used to defend internment without trial, and later the use of physical duress to extract confessions from prisoners at Castlereagh. Both methods of dealing with the problem of terrorism in Northern Ireland were found to be unacceptable by Committees of Enquiry headed by British judges, not least because of the political cost involved in alienating the Catholic community and encouraging support for the IRA at home and abroad.

Similarly with the hunger strike. Although he intends it as a reproach, I am gratified that Dr Crick should remark on the fact that I have 'consistently, persistently, reported this as a political victory for Provisional Sinn Fein'. It was the turning point which enabled that organisation to move from a situation where it had virtually no political support in the Catholic community to last June's general election when it polled 103,000 votes – i.e. 43 per cent of the Catholic vote in Northern Ireland.

It now appears that even on the security front the hunger strike was not the absolute defeat for the IRA which British ministers claimed at the time. Reports of the recent IRA jail break from the Maze prison make it clear that this was only possible because of concessions made to Republican prisoners as a result of the hunger strike.

Dr Crick says that what really sticks in his throat is my writing that 'if prominent Sinn Fein leaders were to be convicted it would seriously affect the political work of the organisation'. That's a simple statement of fact. I went on to say that, even if this happened, it wouldn't deal with the problem of the IRA – which will only be resolved when an equitable political solution is finally achieved. Nowhere did I suggest that the 'commanders of killers be offered immunity'. The hard truth is that people who have been involved in hideous murders are being given immunity in Northern Ireland by those whose job it is to enforce the law. Not surprisingly, this is bringing an already battered legal system into disrepute.

Patrick O'Callaghan, Young Liberals National Executive

I feel I must take issue with Bernard Crick's defence of the use of supergrasses (Letters 30 September), especially his claim that he has not met anyone 'who doubts the broad truth of the allegations: that the accused are guilty'.

In one of the supergrass trials currently taking place in Belfast, self-confessed murderer Kevin McGrady is the principal state witness against ten people accused of 45 charges. The defence lawyer, Dick Ferguson QC, has pointed out a whole series of inconsistencies in McGrady's evidence, including an incident in which a man who was implicated in a terrorist operation was later discovered to have been in jail at the time of the offence.

The 12-year sentence imposed on Martin Meehan on the basis of the evidence given by informer Stephen McWilliams in 1980 was obviously a miscarriage of justice. Stephen McWilliams has since written to an Irish newspaper, the *Sunday World*, from his hideout in England, retracting his evidence and claiming that the British Army had identified Meehan and told him to implicate Meehan in his evidence.

As Mary Holland pointed out in her article (*NS* 23 September), one of the accused in the trial of 35 people convicted on the evidence of informer Christopher Black was able to produce more than 30 people to substantiate his alibi. He was nevertheless convicted on Black's uncorroborated evidence.

Bernard Crick also asked, why the use of supergrasses at this moment in time? I would have thought that the answer to that was obvious. In March 1982, at the end of a trial in which Thomas McCormick was accused of a series of crimes including murder, Justice Murray declared that it would be wrong to convict McCormick on the uncorroborated evidence of an accomplice. Last April, the same judge convicted (there was no jury) 14 men on the evidence of supergrass Joseph Bennett, not only on charges where there was no corroborative evidence, but on a number of charges where there was no independent evidence that a crime had been committed at all. It is clear that a political decision was taken to use supergrasses and that now the RUC are pressurising people and offering huge sums of money to others to turn supergrass.

The use of supergrasses will not solve the problem of Northern Ireland. What it will do is increase support for the IRA, divide families and take away any confidence that nationalists might have in the legal system.

Liberals: no surrender

Leighton Andrews, London SE15

Andrew Roth is right to stress the wider distribution of power following the Liberal Party Assembly (*NS* 30 September). It is also good to see the first accurate report on why the Assembly voted to have nothing to do with Cyril Smith's proposals for a Deputy Leader. But it is misleading to suggest that the resolution on Party Strategy was 'a document of almost unconditional surrender to the ALC'.

As one of those involved in drafting the resolution that was adopted, I know that there was never any doubt that a commitment to community campaigning and a closer integration between local activists and the Parliamentary Liberal Party would be carried into the motion. No one who read the submissions on strategy from all sections of the Party through the summer, or who attended any discussions on the subject, could have assumed anything other than a widespread consensus on the need to strengthen our campaigning impact. While the media pontificated about the antics of those who sought salvation in structures, the Liberal Party activists spent their time thinking through the politics.

The ALC – of which I am a member – had no need to force any 'surrender'. There was never any doubt that the strategy to which it is committed, that of community politics, would be emphatically reaffirmed by the Liberal Party, as it has been in every strategy debate since 1970. The only difference this time is that, with a number of new MPs, including several who have come through the Party rather than winning a fortuitous by-election, there is more chance of a Parliamentary spearhead.

Faithful to the franchise

Michael Deakin, Director of Programmes, TV-am

Ron Neil of *Breakfast Time* has pre-empted poor old TV-am once more by appearing first in your columns protesting at Bob Woffinden's article on breakfast television (*NS* 23 September).

In this matter, at least, we at TV-am are at one with the Corporation – sadly, Woffinden's article contains more than its fair share of inaccuracies and emotive innuendo. Ron Neil has already enumerated some of the former; but, in the latter category, must come his assertion that 'TV-am tore up its franchise even before it went on the air'. What can he mean by this? Maybe he got it from the mysterious Mr Martin Smith whom he quotes lavishly and whose 'locus standi' as a practitioner of breakfast television is obscure to me. May I reassure them both that our franchise application, of which I was in part the author and of which I am still the custodian, has neither metaphorically nor actually been torn up at TV-am.

For the rest, Mr Woffinden appears to have neglected to watch our programme output at all. He was, however, diligent enough to ring us up twice seeking information. On both occasions I happened to take the call personally. On the first, he rang to request Peter Jay's home telephone number; on the second, to ask what our next week's ratings would be. In the former instance we referred him to the second volume of the London telephone directory; in the latter, to the Almighty.

TU education: catch-22

Mr A. Hughes, Nottingham

I do not wish to enter into an extended critique of John McIlroy's article on trade union education (*NS* 23 September), however many contentious issues he has raised. Instead, I would like to expand on one of the points with which I agree.

John McIlroy mentions the introduction this year of management controlled courses for trade unionists, for which government grant is available. When the TUC announced the availability of £200,000 for these 'Employer Approved' Change at Work Courses, the TUC Education Department indicated that this sum of money was in addition to the basic grant of £1.5 million.

Now the TUC tells us that this is not quite the case. If unions make use of these funds, in return for finally sacrificing independent trade union education, then they will collect the short-term financial benefits. If they decide not to run these management-controlled courses, then they are financially penalised. The amount allocated to the individual unions for these courses is deducted from their basic grant aid for that year.

'Employer Approved' courses, as defined by the TUC/DES document, are the direct route back to joint management/union training. Anyone who believes in protecting what is left of independent trade union education should refuse to have anything to do with these particular pieces of silver.

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Capital city blues

Richard Lewis, Middlesbrough, Cleveland

As the delegate to the annual meeting of the LCC referred to in Geoffrey Carstairs's article (*NS* 30 September), who used the phrase 'capital-ism' to describe the inordinate influence of London over the Labour left, I would like to explain to your readers the context in which the term was coined.

At a meeting of the Cleveland LCC, a letter was read, in the late summer of 1982, from one of the better regarded and less outlandish specimens of the London left 'hothouse', declining, for patently valid reasons, an invitation to speak in Middlesbrough. In suggesting an alternative speaker, this prospective and subsequently successful Labour MP wondered if Cleveland was anywhere near to Derby, 'as my geography goes a little haywire north of Watford'.

The problem is not, however, just amusing. It can do, and has done, the wider Labour movement some damage. The London based media judges us by our London comrades all too easily. But we cannot blame the press – the London Labour left seems to despise the movement outside London and the class it seeks to represent.

Shortly after the last election, I read in a copy of *City Limits* (1 July 1983) a statement of Ken Livingstone that he would not seek nomination for a parliamentary seat outside inner London because the white working class would have no time for *his* main concerns. Yet the cruel fact is that the white, non-gay, employed (as well as unemployed) working class remains the only basis of support upon which Labour can gain power to implement the kind of policies which would help the groups Ken Livingstone seeks to represent. We must relate our policies to the legitimate concerns of the majority, as well as the minorities, and the strengthening of non 'capital-ist' influences on the Labour left could only assist that process.

A child's best interests

Jo Tunnard, Director, Family Rights Group

Anne Smith (*NS* 30 September) is right to be worried about the unfettered power that social workers have, and want to keep, over their clients' lives. In our experience of advising and representing families with children in care, one of the main flaws in many social workers' thinking is that, once *they* have decided what they think is in a child's best interests, anyone opposing that view is deemed to be acting contrary to the good of the child.

But I think Anne Smith misunderstands the use of independent social workers. Decisions in child care cases are the most important that courts can make. Often, the only social work evidence they hear is from the local authority bringing proceedings against the family. In recent years, solicitors acting for children and parents have sometimes found it useful to employ a qualified and experienced social worker, independent of the local authority in the case, to help investigate the case, to assess both the family's ability to care for the children and the quality of service on offer from the local authority, and to give evidence in court. Fees are claimed by the solicitor from the legal aid fund. This use of an independent social worker is no different to the common practice in other areas of work of appointing a medical or engineering expert to question the assumptions and opinions of the other side.

What disturbs those of us who seek to retain justice in child care cases is that the right of the child's solicitor to run the best case for the client is now under threat. The government has pledged itself to introduce, next April, panels of guardians which the court will be expected to appoint to act for the child. It will be for the guardian to decide whether or not the child should have a solicitor and whether or not the case should succeed in court. The majority of guardians are likely to be local authority social workers, chosen by their seniors to investigate neighbouring local authorities and to do the job in local authority time and with local authority pay.

If panels of guardians are introduced, children run the risk of losing their present automatic right to a legal aid solicitor and hence to a voice in court. Parents run the risk of finding that their solicitor is refused the right to choose an expert social work witness because a guardian has already been appointed to help the court. And local authorities will be accused, once more, of increasing their power at the expense of the rights of their clients.

Jonathan Smith, Greenford, Middlesex

I am a social worker; also a socialist. I would not try to suggest that everything that social workers do is of the highest standard, and there are certainly areas in which social work practice needs to be improved, aided by better training and community resources.

Anne Smith's article (*NS* 30 September), however, completely fails to understand the issues with which social workers are faced and the nature of the tasks they try to perform.

Take, for example, the contentious issue of social work practice in the field of child care. The removal of children from the care of their parents is never a painless exercise for clients and their families, and very often feelings of hostility, anger or bitterness will remain whether or not a social worker has made the right decision.

These cases also arouse strong feelings in other people involved with the family. JPs, health visitors, doctors and teachers may demand that the social worker take action at variance with the wishes of the client – in which case, someone is almost certainly going to feel upset or aggrieved by the social worker's decision, whatever it is.

Moreover, some sections of society can be fiercely critical of social workers for failing to remove children from the care of their parents when there have been indications that the child is being neglected or abused. Others can be equally critical of what appears to be over-hasty action. The line between acting autocratically and failing to protect a child is often a very narrow one.

If society fails to appreciate this, in attempting the wholly justifiable aim of improving social work practice, then I believe that the outcome will be more authoritarianism and bureaucracy. I share Anne Smith's wish to avoid this.

Acid salmon

Mark Caulfield, SERA Public Health Working Group

Rob Edwards's article 'Rainfall over Norway' (*NS* 23 September) seems to imply that the attempt to link acid rain with the CEGB's preference for nuclear power issues in a contradiction which will obscure the arguments and thus hinder the campaign. Moreover, it implies that there is no rational basis for making the link.

However, it is wrong to suggest that it is only those in the environmentalist movement who have ascribed the motives suggested in the article to the CEGB. Andrew Moncur, writing in the *Guardian* the day after the British Society Conference, said, 'The result of the 5-year programme (into the effects of acid rain in Norway) could be used to justify a switch from coal-fired to nuclear powered stations.' SERA, who suggested this link at the meeting to set up the campaign, of course recognises that this is, as yet, speculation. Our exposition of this possibility was not as specific, or as convoluted as your article suggests. The CEGB does have a preference for nuclear power; opposition to nuclear power does come from environmentalist groups, the main alternative to nuclear power is coal. If environmentalists are able to demonstrate the damaging effects of coal-fired power stations, it is surely not beyond the wit of the CEGB, at some stage, to make use of the fact. If they do, it is important to have simultaneously demonstrated the viability of producing 'cleaned' emissions, while arguing for the viability of alternative forms of energy and measures to conserve energy.

The article also refers to the supposed problems of coordinating the campaign. Certainly, at the meeting to launch the campaign, the problem of coordination was discussed. It was also resolved. The campaign is to be coordinated through a newsletter to be produced by Friends of the Earth (Scotland). Friends are not only knowledgeable and experienced in campaigning on the issue, but based in the part of Britain most effected by acid rain. The campaign's *not* being based in London was felt by all to be a positive advantage. It was also unanimously agreed that the groups involved would campaign jointly on the single issue of acid rain, while each pursuing other aspects of the campaign in conformity with their own specific concerns. SERA's decision to launch a national campaign occurred before the election and was not a 'reaction to post electoral despair'.

Finally, the introduction of salmon fishing into the debate is rather novel, but to suggest that the whole thing is a conspiracy of the leisured classes is, I think, going a bit too far. The effect of acid rain on which SERA intends to concentrate is the interrelationship that may exist between the high acidification levels of Glasgow's drinking water and high lead levels resulting from the city's lead water pipes.

Labour in vain

Frank Devine, Ellesmere Port, South Wirral

The post-election debate on the Labour Party, in your pages and elsewhere, is intriguing: unilateralism, withdrawal from Europe, blanket hostility to council house sales – abandoned; subservience to pressure groups, refusal to prioritise objectives (i.e. promising more to everyone) – ridiculed; the block vote, hostility to one-member-one-vote – severely challenged.

Ironically, the abuse and intolerance displayed towards supporters of such a policy appraisal were major factors leading to the establishment of the SDP. The recent outbreak of common sense is welcome. However, from the Labour Party's point of view, it comes two years too late. There is no future for the Labour Party as an SDP Mark II.

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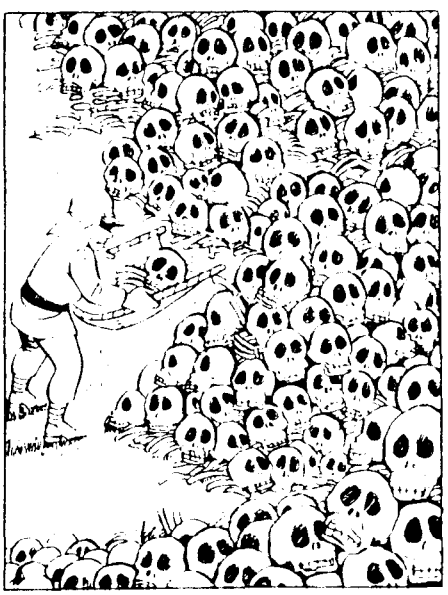
Glyn Ford
and
Nakajima Keiko

Manga mania in Japan

Above: from the 'adult' comic market
Below: two frames from *Hadashi no Gen*, one of the few political comics



COLOURFUL pastel comics, or *manga*, of telephone directory proportions are read by all post-war generations in Japan and their presence whispers itself in turning pages everywhere – at coffee shops, in restaurants, on public transport. The most popular boys' comic, *Shōnen Jump*, sells almost three million copies each week. In all, over eleven hundred million comics are sold every year, or ten for each man, woman and child in Japan.

Their origins go back almost a thousand years, as Fredrick Schodt describes in *The World of Japanese Comics*. The satirical *Chōjūgiga* (animal scrolls) drawn by a Buddhist monk in the 12th century show all the elements later to form the core of Japanese narrative art: simplicity and mockery in a cartoon form that at times becomes almost surreal. By the Edo period (1600-1867) the development of popular secular print-making was advanced, though its subject-matter was limited to life's sensual pleasures, for the *Ukiyo* or 'floating world' offered almost the only safe pictures under Japan's feudal dictatorships. The Edo order crumbled with the forceful arrival of the Americans in 1853 and after that the limits of cartooning were thrown open.

By the end of the First World War political cartooning was making its presence felt. Leftist groups like the Japan Proletarian Arts League were formed to mobilise narrative art in support of the class struggle, but the militarisation of Japan saw these groups compulsorily disbanded. Some of their members fled abroad and Yashimo Tarō*, for one, continued his opposition from America where he produced, during the Second World War, a comic strip *Unganaizō* (You're Out of Luck!) for Allied propaganda leaflets. It was between the end of the War and the end of the Occupation (1952) that need to escape from life's harsh realities started the metamorphosis of this minor art form into a whole popular culture.

The first post-war comics were for primary-school children, but their initial readers have never given them up. Now there are comics for all age groups. Adult comics are also sexually differentiated, even if with a remarkably large cross-over readership. Each issue of a more popular weekly may have over 500 pages and individual stories can go on almost indefinitely. For example, *Tsurikichi Sampei*, a fishing story, has run since 1973 in *Shōnen Magazine* and has been compiled into over 50 paperback volumes.

Manga have the most improbable heroes and plots, with whole comics devoted to stories about *mah jongg* while heroes include trainee *Sushi* (raw fish) chefs, *rakugo* (story tellers) and *kugishi*. (The *kugishi*, or nail-man, has the bizarre profession of adjusting the nails in the machines in a *Pachinko* parlour so that they do not run true, *Pachinko* being an adult version of bagatelle.) More ordinary stories – school life, space travel, historical romances, sport – all illustrate Japan's idiosyncracies. But mass-market comics are overtly apolitical, the major exception being Nakazawa Keiji's long-running *Hadashi no Gen* (Barefoot Gen), the semi-autobiographical account of a child victim of Hiroshima. In reprinted form this runs at present to eight volumes. Attempts

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are being made to get it published in other languages and two volumes are already available in English†, and it is to be published shortly in French.

THE CONTENT of some stories would shock many who are far from being candidate members of the Festival of Light. In children's comics innocent stories of school life are interleaved with others that go far beyond western limits. There is a current fashion in young girls' comics for tales of male homosexual love, for example *Kaze-to-ki-no-Uta* (The Song of the Wind and Trees), and of incest. In *The Great Railway Bazaar*, Paul Theroux expressed disgust for the content of a Japanese comic he picked up, but he had not met the children's series, *Toiretto Hakase* (Professor Toilet), about a scientist who specialises in scatology and works in a toilet-shaped laboratory. Violence is also prevalent: heads roll, eyes are gouged out and the pages are showered with blood.

The 'adult' comic market respects few constraints outside the, now almost ritual, avoidance of genitals and of actual sexual intercourse. Story titles include 'Flesh Slave Dolls' and 'Enema Rock Climbing'. The comics are sexist and degrade women. In the worst, sado-masochism is common and a trend towards paedophilia is emerging. Many of the stories suggest, as has already been noted elsewhere, that no Japanese lover is properly equipped for a date unless bedecked with a selection of ropes and chains.

Yet Japan is a very conservative society and the crime rate is low. It was while comic sales soared, in the Fifties and Sixties, that the crime rate began its long decline. The Japanese experience seems to stand on its head the logic of those who suggest that the one causes the other. In America, in the Fifties, a coalition of educators, religious leaders and politicians demanded the censorship of comics in order to save children from depravity and juvenile delinquency. The comic industry was so intimidated it established a self-censoring body, the Comics Code Authority, rather like the British Board of Film Censors. The Authority's tunnel vision about what was permissible emasculated the American comic and the industry has declined to less than a seventh the size it was in its heyday. Yet in America the crime rate climbed.

Popular culture can provide windows that allow visions deep inside a society. Today Japan is less the land of the tea ceremony than of *Manga*. It is tempting to see the comic industry there as a paper parallel to *Coronation Street*, but a better analogy would be *The Archers*, for the stories contain the same wealth of useful information so paternalistically presented by the 'everyday story of countryfolk'. And, like both of these, Japan's comics include hidden cultural and political messages.

Manga are both part of contemporary Japanese culture and at the same time subversive of it. Comic culture is another face of the 'Walkman' generation. This has a passive, autistic element that does not disturb Japanese vertical society where the group is more important than the individual and consensus outweighs conflict. Here duty, obedience and high technology are held in high esteem, while woman are subordinate. Nevertheless the subversive side is more important. The very success of the cartoonists has created among some of them attitudes and life-styles that are reflected in stories that exemplify the Smilesian vision of self-help through hard work. These undermine group society in the interests of Western-style individualism. The portrayal of women in 'adult' comics at times shows a fear; almost a wish to school obedience into the other sex, rather than merely to reconfirm their second-class status.

Tom Nairn has written about the unique problems facing Britain because of its vanguard role in industrialising. Today Japan, with the most advanced consumer technology, has the advantage of an almost feudal social structure and set of attitudes. It may well be that *manga* will make a greater contribution to breaking these down, and creating more equal competition, than any of the more profound social theorists. If the businessmen don't like it, at least the women will be pleased. □

* *In accordance with East Asian practice, the surname is placed first in all Japanese names.*
† *Further details available from Alan Gleason, Project Gen, 1280 Fourth Avenue* #3, San Francisco, CA 94122, USA.

John Levett

The snow globe

A sudden rise of twee
And gyroscopic snow
Makes hay of gravity
Then settles to a slow

And fitful sediment
That leaves the water clear
To artfully present
Undamaged atmosphere.

Two sentries in a box
Beside a palace gate,
The detail orthodox,
The plastic intimate,

A flurried version of
That old Romantic turn,
The lives that cannot move
Traced round a Grecian Urn,

But scaled down for the age
And mass-produced to give
Our minds that lack the range
Some cheap alternative.

Invested with a weight
Beyond their substance, these
Lost figures concentrate
A gift's desire to please

With each slow-motion spree
Of decorative snow,
A wished catastrophe
Before the real ones blow.

BIOGRAPHY
Michael Heffernan

Truth and dare

A Variety Of Lives: A Biography of Sir Hugh Greene
MICHAEL TRACEY *Bodley Head* £15

> There was a long staircase lined by members of the Hitler Youth, and Goebbels, with his staff around him, started limping up it. So I fell in immediately behind him. Goebbels was about 18 inches shorter than me, and as we climbed the interminable staircase the lines of Hitler Youth on both sides started laughing.

Hugh Greene rarely lost his feel for the audience. As Michael Tracey's biography makes plain, the young *Telegraph* correspondent in Hitler's Berlin and the 'other great Director General' of the BBC are very much the same man – confident in the power of published truth, amused by the establishment's grandiose self-image, naughty but cunning, agnostic and a touch cynical. Greene has co-operated generously with his biographer, with a frankness that makes this book far more rewarding than most 'lives' of the living – be they politicians or entertainers. He seems to care little whether we like him or not, perhaps from a reluctance to believe in evil.

Germany in the Thirties meant different things to different Englishmen. To Greene, it meant a job, a lucky break, after a childhood of constant unhappiness and a riotous but undistinguished career at Oxford. Professionally, his reporting of events leading up to the war did him nothing but good; but he had also been an early visitor to Dachau and had a clear idea of what he was fighting when he became head of the BBC's wartime German Service. The basis of his propaganda was hard news, meant to divide, not deceive, the enemy. 'If there was a German invasion, we'd all be shot anyway, so why not tell the truth? Whereas if we held out and the tide turned, the fact that we had told the truth would mean that the German people would believe us. And they did.'

At Bush House, Greene found himself in the happy drinking company of Patrick Gordon Walker and Richard Crossman, as well as a more solemn community of émigré intellectuals whose elegant German he fought to simplify. Tracey's account could have explored more energetically the significance of this mixture of talent for post-war broadcasting: when I joined the BBC in the late Sixties, the influence was still strong, and it was more than a myth that independent journalism and public service had acquired their political face in Bush House.

Greene rose steadily after the war as an administrator and editor; for a while he was an untiring salesman of BBC films in North America. In so far as he displayed strong

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beliefs, they were intimately bound up with his work. In West Germany and later Malaya, where he was sent to establish broadcasting services, he created BBC-type structures which soon caved in to politicians. Like the Secret Service – and this is something Tracey's book brings out – the BBC has an extraordinary capacity wholly to absorb its servants' lives. To Greene, whose private life was regularly unhappy, work was not only an escape; it was a living ideal. He gave himself to the BBC's moral purpose and, in return, found a rich source of much-needed fatherly support, first in Ian Jacob, who put him in charge of current affairs, then in Arthur fforde, the chairman who appointed him Director General.

fforde was to stand by Greene in the famous battles that followed his efforts to loosen up the imaginative life of broadcasting: *TW3*, *The Wednesday Play* and other filthy shows. Tracey represents Greene as a skilful defender of his staff, determined to protect their independence, and at the same time keep on reasonable terms with the Board of Governors. Repeatedly he insists on the broadcaster's freedom to take risks and make mistakes: only then could the media develop their own forms. 'It is better to err on the side of freedom than restriction.' When the fight was on, everyone seemed worried that he would lose control of his staff. He didn't.

The Government, however, was another matter and, as a Labour voter ('I have too much of a sense of the past to vote for the party of Munich and Suez'), Greene found it ironic that Wilson should see Tory plots behind every piece of unfavourable cover. The scope for misunderstanding between the two men must have been vast – the cavalier public-school liberal and the vain puritan. The story of Wilson and the BBC is one of the less savoury but more entertaining parts of the book. Make what you will of the PM's claim that he gave Lord Hill the chairmanship purely on merit.

There are revealing anecdotes, like when the Northern Ireland governor insisted that Greene should not be made DG if he were a Catholic, and plenty of good infighting between more and less dignified BBC executives. But the overall picture of Greene emerging from this book is less jolly. Several colleagues (there are few friends) interviewed told Tracey they found Greene unnervingly detached, impersonal rather than shy. His first two marriages collapsed and his third wife, the actress Tatjana Sais, has died. He saw her first in a Thirties Berlin cabaret, and he still has a taste for a night on the town. The Hugh Greene of this book has discovered what he enjoys but not, perhaps, what he values. □

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HISTORY
Christopher Hill

Perfect freedom

A Collection of Ranter Writings from the 17th Century
ed. NIGEL SMITH *Junction Books* £14.50 & £6.95

The writings of the 17th-century English revolutionaries are slowly being rediscovered. Levellers and Diggers have long figured in Labour Party political speeches, but the Ranters have not yet made the grade. A. L. Morton first revealed them in *The World of the Ranters* (1970) – the year in which Frank McGregor completed a scholarly thesis on them. Many Ranter attitudes seemed to anticipate the world of the post-1968 student revolution. Ranters felt that the English Revolution had not gone far enough; defeat of the King in the civil war should have led to radical political and social reform. 'Who are the oppressors', asked Laurence Clarkson in 1647:

> but the nobility and gentry; and who are the oppressed if not the yeoman, the farmer, the tradesman? . . . Have you not chosen oppressors to redeem you from oppression? . . . The major part of the nobility and gentry . . . judge the poor but fools and themselves wise, and therefore when you the commonalty calleth a Parliament they are confident such must be chosen that are the noblest and richest. . . . Your slavery is their liberty, your poverty is their prosperity. . . . Peace is their ruin, . . . by war they are enriched.

Abiezer Coppe called God 'that mighty Leveller', who would 'overturn, overturn, overturn'. 'Honour, nobility, gentility, property, superfluity, etc.' had been 'the cause of all the blood that hath ever been shed'. Coppe warned the rich 'behold I (the Lord) come as a thief in the night: . . . I say, Deliver your purse, deliver Sirrah! deliver or I'll cut thy throat.' 'Have all things common or else the plague of God will rot and consume all that you have.' 'Howl, howl, ye nobles . . . howl ye rich men for the miseries that are coming upon you.'

Clarkson and Coppe were eloquent in denunciation and gesture; neither seems to have taken part in political action. (There was indeed no Ranter organisation, only likeminded individuals.) Their notoriety came from their antinomian sexual ethic. God, they believed, was in every human being. (Coppe went out of his way to proclaim the equality of the sexes here.) Perfection could be attained on earth, and then the elect could 'do what they would and not sin': the words are John Bunyan's, who found this doctrine seductive, 'I being but a young man'. Sin, Ranters said, existed only in the imagination; it had been invented by priests and the ruling class. Clarkson and Coppe drew logical conclusions. 'Till I acted that so-called sin', wrote Clarkson, 'I could not predominate over sin.' But 'there is no such act as drunkenness, theft and adultery in God'. 'No matter what Scripture, saints or churches say, if that within thee do not condemn thee, thou shalt not be condemned.' Clarkson practised what he preached. 'Most of the principal women came to my lodgings for knowledge', until he tired and escaped on preaching tours, accompanied by a girl-friend but being 'careful for moneys for my wife'. (They had married, illegally, by public declaration before a baptist congregation.) Coppe taught that God's service was 'perfect freedom and pure libertinism'. Sin was finished. 'Stinking family duties' were mere humbug. 'I can kiss and hug ladies, and love my neighbour's wife as myself, without sin.'

The combination of political radicalism with religous heresy ('Look not above, the skies/For heaven, for here your treasure lies', sang Clarkson) and with incitement to promiscuity roused the authorities of the Commonwealth to action. A Blasphemy Act of August 1650 prescribed severe penalties, and over the next year prosecutions brought a series of recantations. The Ranters were not martyrs – though we can hardly blame them for not relishing such punishments as boring the tongue. Coppe seems to have put up the most stubborn resistance. A first recantation was thought inadequate; in his second he rejected 'the community which is sinful, or destructive to soul or body' (who wouldn't?). Accepting that sin exists, he emphasised that there were 'little thieves and great thieves. . . . All are sinners. . . . Are we better than they? No, in no wise'. Those who cry out against adultery in others are themselves guilty of heart-adultery. Pride, covetousness, hypocrisy, oppression, tyranny – the sins of the godly rich – are sins 'whether men imagine it to be so or not'. Clarkson turned Muggletonian and wrote an autobiographical tract in which he recalled with gusto and much detail the wicked practices he used to enjoy.

Nigel Smith and his publisher are to be congratulated on this collection: though the erratum slip lists a bare quarter of the printers' errors. In addition to Clarkson and Coppe there are tracts by Joseph Salmon and Jacob Bauthumley, quieter in style but Bauthumley is forceful in ideas. Smith's book, and especially his introduction, will expedite the growing recognition that some Ranters are writers of significance. Coppe was a conscious experimental stylist, who used punctuation and the lay-out of words on the page to reinforce his attack on the rich. Here is a conversation with a beggar:

> Art poor?
> Yea, very poor, said he.
> Whereupon the strange woman who flattereth with her lips and is subtle of heart said within me
> Its a poor wretch, give him two-pence. . . .
> Besides (saith the holy Scripturean Whore) he's worse than an infidel that provides not for his own family.
> True love begins at home, etc. . . .
> Have a care of the main chance.

John Carey in his valuable Foreword insists that 'assessments of 17th-century literature can no longer ignore the Ranters'. □

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Virgins and Viragos: A History of Women in Scotland from 1080-1980

ROSALIND K. MARSHALL *Collins* £13.50

There's little in Rosalind Marshall's book about virgins or viragos, but a great deal about patient Griseldas and the pangs of childbirth. The history of Scottish women is very little different from that of English women, give or take a few thousand pounds spread among the upper classes. More consciousness of this would have made for a more interesting book. Reading it I felt as depressed as a black reading a history of slavery: there are blinks of course – the odd independent woman, the odd warrier woman – but, on the whole, the history of Scottish women is a history of the 'hodden-doon' (trans., but losing subtlety in the process, as 'held down').

Facts are piled one upon the other without mercy, till your eyes glaze over with that terrible boredom generally experienced only when revising for exams at the last minute. Granted, for example, that weddings and the napery and drapery, contracts and alliances involved therein, were of paramount importance in women's lives right up till the 1960s, is it really necessary to go into all the details so thoroughly and so frequently? The history of childbirth practices was pretty static too, until this century at least, but that theme in the book does provide regular and salutary reminders of what freedom for women means at the grass roots – and upwards.

Virgins and Viragos suffers from the typical faults of books of Scottish history, faults which drive otherwise sensible Scots to read fairly abysmal bodice-rippers in great quantities by way of compensation. They stack up parish records and accounts of doughty deeds by local heroes/heroines with relentless monotony, to lend their subject significance by weight; they single out the bold and brutal as Scott taught them to do; they avoid the concrete realities of dirt poverty, and they fail to define the singularity of the Scots.

Solid research has gone into this book; it has many interesting passages, but it is boring, with nothing really new to say about either Scots or women – not to mention virgins or viragos.

Sarah Mitchell

From Heaven Lake: Travels through Sinkiang and Tibet

VIKRAM SETH *Chatto* £8.95

This is the perfect travel book. Its quality and promise are instantly plain in the picture inside the back jacket: it shows the author in the lotus position surrounded by marijuana plants. Vikram Seth does not bore you by saying that west China, through which he travelled by truck and on foot, through Tibet and into Nepal, is often covered with the Weed. He merely mentions that when the Gansu marijuana flowers the air is intoxicating.

An Indian, educated at Oxford, Stanford and Nanjing, Seth speaks and reads Chinese. He is a wonderful companion, therefore, as we follow his trip back to India in 1981, hitchhiking, walking, slogging through rivers and across the leech-ridden Tibetan hills. He is grumpy, bored, beset by headaches and fascinated by the lorry drivers, officials, children and soldiers he meets along the way.

Most travel books feel wrong if one has made the same journey. Seth reminded me of the smell and bustle of the Gobi's one-camel towns, and of the pilgrims pressing through the aromatic and flickering temples in Lhasa. He can chill the blood, too. He describes Tibetan funeral practices, literally a form of butchery, but retains his objectivity enough to treat with disdain Chinese who watched the undertakers at work and laughed. The Chinese flee when an outraged Tibetan pursues them 'roaring' and waving a human leg.

Very few foreigners have spent the night in Chinese truck parks and country inns. Few have had even a meal with a Chinese family, unless it was carefully prearranged. Seth has, and he notices everything and tells us about it. 'The guest house attendants are playing frisbee and whistling Santa Lucia', and 'A child bursts into tears and is pacified by being given a piece of dried apricot. Flies settle on it instantly'. Seth is the sort of author who makes you glad he found out all the things that can be done with a yak – alive or dead.

Jonathan Mirsky

Vanessa Bell

FRANCES SPALDING *Weidenfeld* £12.95

In 1910 Roger Fry put on an exhibition entitled 'Manet and the Post-Impressionists' at the Grafton Gallery in London. It shocked the public with its different way of seeing, its blatant shift away from a directly mimetic, conformist art of realism. 'It's impossible, I think,' reminisced Vanessa Bell many years later, 'that any other single exhibition can ever have had so much effect as did that on a rising generation.' The controversial freedom in art was matched by that of behaviour, and the dubiously named 'Bloomsbury' group broke the laws of social etiquette with public impact.

But by any standards Vanessa Bell's life was unconventional: she had an impressive, absolute disregard for the accepted mores of social behaviour. Her milieu was exceedingly incestuous – so much so that, as one reads, lovers and friends tend to blur. In fact it all begins to seem like a prolonged sit-com or farce, with husband Clive Bell falling in love with sister-in-law Virginia, and Vanessa falling completely, all-her-life in love with the inconveniently homosexual artist Duncan Grant (previously the lover of her brother Adrian). Through all this Vanessa preserved her calm and her friendships. She was a hard-working and exceptionally talented artist, a mother, a hostess. Always careful to befriend Duncan Grant's lovers, she managed these awkward emotional triads as expertly as she managed Charleston, her rambling, ramshackle house in the country. One has the feeling, though, that a great deal of emotional strain was never acknowledged or voiced, despite that self-expressive, immensely articulate environment.

The term Bloomsbury was coined when the group had dissolved. Even as a group there were always incongruous elements – Maynard Keynes is an unlikely figure to live a cold, food-rationed Bohemian existence at Charleston among chickens and children, but he did – and made himself appropriately useful by buying and selling (with great and profitable astuteness) a few shares for Vanessa. They were also an unbelievably insular group, as in Vanessa's famous dinner-party question to Asquith (was he interested in politics?).

The author looks with sensitive intelligence at Vanessa's paintings, not only aesthetically but also as expressive of her state of mind. If there is one flaw, it is the overwhelming wealth of detail. For each incident recounted, some convenient diary extract appears as if by magic, authentic evidence that was obviously irresistible to Ms Spalding.

Kathy O'Shaughnessy

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BIOGRAPHY
Basil Davidson

Partisan

Djilas: Progress of a Revolutionary
STEPHEN CLISSOLD *Maurice Temple Smith* £15

The fascination evoked by Milovan Djilas in British conservatives, with or without party card, shines once again in this biography completed by Stephen Clissold shortly before his sadly premature death. It evidently has something of the same fascination as was felt for George Orwell in his time. Always at the centre of the action (while Orwell seems invariably to have hovered enviously on the fringe), Djilas stands for another brand saved from the burning, another prodigal welcomed from the distant and deplorable shrines of gods that failed. Through writing of his life, Clissold tells us, Djilas began 'to discern more clearly its pattern and significance – the progression from the crude Marxist creed of his revolutionary youth, through the horror and the heroism of war, to the intoxication of victory and power and its sour aftertaste of disillusionment and disgrace.'

Now the spectacle of a strong and even heroic personality being recruited to the bromides of the SDP – a not unfair gloss, I think, on the recommendations of Djilas' *Unperfect Society*: or, at least, no more unfair than Yugoslav polemics customarily allow – is bound to be embarrassing, rather in the same way as one used to blush for Orwell at having become the hero of *Encounter* magazine in its abrasively Reagan-like days. And that is a pity, for there is no doubt that the life and ponderings of Djilas have long been worthy of attention and respect, whether for the man's sterling courage, stubborn honesty of conduct, or very considerable literary skills. No one else, after all, has yet written a book about the Yugoslav war of liberation – at any rate, of those books translated into English from Serbo-Croat – as rivetingly illuminating as Djilas's *Wartime*.

There is a large sense in which Djilas has epitomised the national epic of the southern Slavs in their emergence from the ferocities of clan warfare, less than 50 years ago, through the agonies of internecine massacre and war against a vicious horde of invaders – German nazis, Italian fascists, Hungarian white-terrorists, Bulgarian rivals – to a peace and reconciliation and in many respects an astonishing fertile progress, such as were unthinkable in the old triune kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Even the inexcusable fact that Djilas had to sit long years in prison, after the war, belongs inseparably to this same complexity of national experience, given the passions and confrontations that accompanied it. There may even be some kind of symbolic truth in Djilas having had to pay for the pains of a partisan movement which has had to rethink so many of its original convictions.

Clissold's biography is a finely written exposition of Djilas' life and intellectual development seen from the standpoint of Djilas' own writings, and is therefore a useful addition to the record. Clissold himself was a gentle and meditative conservative who knew Yugoslavia well and long ago wrote a good introductory account, *Whirlwind*, of the irruption of the Yugoslav partisans on the bloody scene of 1941 and after. He understood the travail of those years, and saw its meaning. Yet it must be said that his biographical method is curiously reductive of the wider picture. Its effect, now and then, is rather to suppose that a conservative or social-democratic system was conceivable in the Yugoslavia that rose from the chaos of the war. It is at times to suggest that the extraordinary variety of persons and characters involved in the partisan movement has been little more than a 'grey mass', with Djilas singularly acting as the only man of conscience. It is certainly to under-estimate, and grossly, the independent nature of those who led, but, more, of those who followed.

The reason for this reductiveness, I think, is that Clissold also tells the story of the war of national liberation, and of its political development, from his special angle of biographical treatment. Perhaps unavoidably in this scheme of narrative, Clissold can give no satisfactory account of the persons and situations in whose lives and dilemmas Djilas was necessarily immersed. There are whole areas of political enterprise – far more interesting, because far more difficult, than any of the military successes – which can receive no notice, simply because they have received none or little in Djilas' own writings. There is a vast literature of memoir and record that must be left in silence. There have been huge regions of argument and dissent, especially since post-Stalinist policies began to be applied in 1952, which find no place here. This patently honest book is not quite Hamlet without the Prince – meaning the partisan movement and its peacetime successor – but there are pages where it can well appear so.

Savage contradictions abound in all that story: between the ideals of the liberation struggle and the grim means of fighting it imposed by nazi-fascist murder as well as by Yugoslavia's own history; between the sectarian harshness of the Yugoslav communists in those days and their absolute need to win the voluntary adherence of wide multitudes of people; between the Soviet desire for an ally and a Stalinist fear of losing a satellite, or between a corresponding British desire and a no less comparable British conservative fear of nourishing a future enemy; and much else besides. A tendency to present Djilas, appearing in Professor Hugh Seton-Watson's introduction still more than in Clissold's book, as unique in 'honesty and fearless thinking' distorts a process of self-realisation through which – and could Djilas have achieved it? – these peoples have managed to conserve their independence and originality against every kind of danger. □

FICTION
Marion Glastonbury

Last judgments

The Burning Book
MAGGIE GEE *Faber* £8.50
The Dream of a Beast
NEIL JORDAN *Chatto* £6.95 & £2.95
Time after Time
MOLLY KEANE *Deutsch* £7.95
Waterland
GRAHAM SWIFT *Heinemann* £7.95

In these four rueful tales, the well turned phrase and the well chosen word put a brave face on ominous prospects. The most apocalyptic vision is that of Maggie Gee whose homely account of successive private lives is interrupted by the screams of contemporary massacres, 'noises off' from China and Japan. Snapshots of four generations in a typical English album are blurred by 'smoke drifting across from the future'. Uncle George gets killed in the Second World War and is mourned together with the fallen whose names are recorded on earlier war memorials, while the nameless 'hibakusha' implore us to recognise them, the forgotten victims of nuclear weapons.

The days of the Ship family are also numbered. From the first, we know how old Lorna and her daughter will be when the 'final violence' strikes. Angela has already realised that pensions are now a joke. Short of a miracle, no one will ever again complete life's natural span.

This reluctant prophecy and the spirited peroration that gives the lie to it – 'words against death' – will, I suspect, win commendations more earnest than enthusiastic. For all its political fervour and structural ingenuity, **The Burning Book** is regrettably easy to put down. The Ships are a glum lot who plod rancorously through their respective destinies, the women no sooner ripe than shrivelling, and the men forever carving the Sunday joint: a dripping roast that is wincingly described as if it were a holocaust in its own right.

Meat smells of mortality again in **The Dream of a Beast** by Neil Jordan, where, at a dinner party, amid singed flesh and crackling fat, the host appears monstrously transformed. The earth is changing too: heat cracks the pavements and, at the outset, as the narrator, a designer, walks to work along a disused railway track, and soldiers gather in a city that resembles Dublin, I had high hopes of discovering what this surreal fantasy was about. But the radio news is inaudible, and the children's bedtime stories provide few clues. Wife, mistress, neighbours, colleagues melt away into intricate patterns of light, only to re-emerge momentarily from the whorled curlicues of glittering architecture. From the phoenix of universal destruction, immortality is born.

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We are informed of this in advance by a talking bat whose lessons in flying 'through the purification of desire' seem prompted by the penchant of the author (a film director) for elaborate aerial views. Close-ups of skin and hair are all the insight we get into metamorphoses experienced in a meditative trance. At a stately pace and with unvarying smoothness, evanescent images are enigmatically traced. Exquisite sentences unfurl as sedately as a mushroom cloud on film. The world ends and we scarcely notice it. *The Dream of a Beast* may have been intended as a prayer but winds up as an advertisement.

For the four ageing siblings of Molly Keane's **Time after Time**, the worst has already happened. Civilisation, as the Swifts knew it, in the imperious heyday of the Anglo-Irish gentry, is in ruins. Yet, as debts mount, roofs leak and nettles sprout along the overgrown verges of the unraked gravel-drive, the inhabitants of Durraghglass continue to cultivate the idiosyncrasies for which the stately home has traditionally offered so much scope.

This vigorously decaying community of monks, crooks, tinkers and brigadiers yields a lush growth of enmities and alliances, flirtations and betrayals, revenges and gloating satisfactions. Poignant continuities are wittily interspersed with comic surprise, and, in contrast to the relatively laboured progress of other plots surveyed here, *Time after Time* has the rhythmic ease and fluid spontaneity of a swan's flight.

When Molly Keane's Jasper Swift makes conger eel soup to spite his sisters (who hate the stuff) he adds a small pinch of saffron with characteristic subtlety. When Graham Swift tackles the eel that slithers over the cover of **Waterland**, he lists nine recipes, devotes eight pages to research into the creature's reproductive cycle, cites a proverb associating eels with barrenness in women and shows the curse traumatically fulfilled in the case of the narrator's wife. *Waterland* is nothing if not thorough.

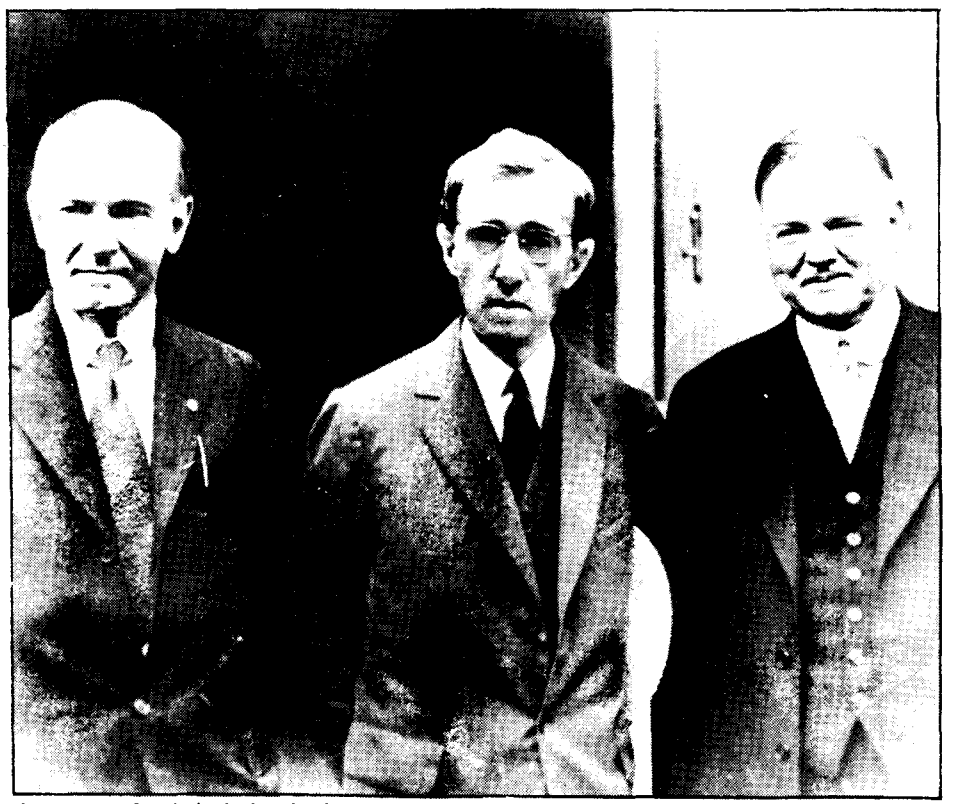
Tom Crick, a history teacher who is being eased out of his post by a philistine headmaster, embarks on an account of his own childhood and of the toil of his rumbustious ancestors over the centuries in the 'phlegm-hued' Fens. The pupils submit without protest to this flood of didactic reminiscence – all but Price, a founder of the Anit-Armageddon League, who fears that tomorrow may be cancelled due to lack of interest, and wants to discuss his dread of nuclear destruction.

Though apparently delivered extempore, Mr Crick's disquisition on land-reclamation is remarkably similar to Trevelyan's observations on the same subject in *English Social History* Volume II Chapter Three. Even so, it is more entertaining than the fictitious climaxes of the saga – murder and mayhem, rape and incest.

In a satire by Michael Frayn published 20 years ago, the despairing father of a relentlessly imaginative son foresees the lad's authorship of an encyclopaedic novel 'about feuds and forbidden passions through seven generations of a Norfolk rush-cutting community'. Here it is, more or less. Will it win the Booker Prize? □

FILMS
John Coleman

Here comes everybody



A moment of technical wizardry from *Zelig*: our hero flanked by Coolidge and Herbert Hoover

Zelig (PG)
Warner West End
Betrayal (15)
Curzon
Gérard Philipe
NFT, 8 October-12 November

Under the transparent cover of fooling around with several genres, Woody Allen has built a style and a career on the shifting sands of insecurity. The shrugging wisecracks, the hesitant sharpness of a wispy little man looking sidelong at love, death and the whole damn thing, while clearly part of a comic tradition we tend to think of as New York Jewish, strike urban echoes everywhere, wherever millions of people are congregated apart. So it is no wonder that Mr Allen, writer, director and star, should be reckoned to have achieved some sort of apotheosis with his 79-minute stunner, **Zelig**. The notion itself is enormously beguiling, a mock-documentary about a fellow who rose, fell and rose again during the black-and-white Twenties and Thirties, held together by an unseen narrator's confident voice and interest, *Reds*-style, with such contemporary North American gurus as Susan Sontag, Saul Bellow, Irving Howe and Dr Bruno Bettelheim delivering themselves briefly in colour to the camera on the Zelig phenomenon. For the technical wizardry alone, as well as the crafty enlisting of New York taste-makers, the piece deserves applause.

For Leonard Zelig (Mr Allen) is surely up there, smiling shyly beside Jack Dempsey, caught by Hearst Metrotone News intruding on a balcony beside Pope Pius XI, beaming in found footage beside old celebrities, Brownshirted and waving disruptingly behind Hitler at a Munich rally. These visual grafts we owe to the combined talents of cinematographer Gordon Willis, production designer Mel Bourne and editor Susan E. Morse. But who *was* this Zelig, this universal popper-up? Nothing less, it transpires, than a nonentity of Jewish immigrant stock cursed or blessed with the faculty of chameleon transformations. Being no one, he could become anyone. Put him between bearded rabbis and, hey presto, he outbeards them. Staggering from a Greek restaurant, he is bloated, swarthy, Hellenic. Scott Fitzgerald apparently recorded 'the first small notice taken of' him at a flamboyant Long Island party in 1928. An ex-waiter (not all the *Reds* commentators are for real) recalls 'some strange guy' at a night-club, white gangster one minute, black trumpeter the next. Sometimes, as we watch this fluctuating Allen, memories of Peter Sellers – probably unique among actors with identity problems – are eerily stirred.

Meanwhile, bespectacled psychiatrist Dr Eudora Fletcher (Mia Farrow) intends to sort out this freak and well-meaningly persists to the end, through disappearances and calamities. Early on, Zelig tells her of his

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falling out with Freud over penis envy: 'Freud felt it should be limited to women'; and such flashes of the irrepressible, familiar Woody help keep the show on the road throughout. Zelig himself is doomed to become a road-show, anyway. Adopted by the media, he soon has a dance named after him, 'The Chameleon'. Tugged from Dr Fletcher's hypnotic ministrations (under which he sadly mutters fragments: '. . . safe . . . to be like the others . . . I want to be liked'), he is taken travelling by a wicked half-sister and her jailbird boyfriend, exhibited with such horrendous offers as 'See Zelig turn into you – $100'. In 1935 Warner Brothers produce a movie, 'The Changing Man', based on his life to date. The Zelig jigsaw is assembled helter-skelter, at breath-taking pace, in jump-around order.

There is satire of rampant commercialism. 'You May Be Six People But I Love You' hits the charts. A huge poster displays a puffing Allen: 'Leonard Zelig. *We* Smoke Camels'. And there is cruder stuff, with the KKK and labour groups alike taking umbrage at his multiplicity. The barrage of visual and verbal gags, of special effects, of interpolations by the real and imaginary moderns is certainly exhilarating: it may also prove momentarily exhausting. Ms Sontag is, of course – as a title underlines – *Against Interpretation* personified. And maybe it is wrong-headed to look for more in all this than a fantastic and fantasticated surface. But there *are* intimations, on reflection, that interpretations are in order. They are surely going to be offered, whatever. Irving Howe, as talking head, solemnly proposes, 'He reflected the Jewish experience in America – he wanted to assimilate like crazy'; and there have already been critics prepared to 'read' the occasion this way.

I find this a wilful distortion, as it happens, preferring – if one has to enter the fray seriously – to find greater sustenance in Bettelheim's 'I myself thought and think of him as the ultimate conformist'. All the magical, comical switches of identity are fleeting affairs, snatched-at opportunities for quicksilver fun; in a word, marginalia. Now some annotations are a damn sight livelier than the texts that provoked them. And it's noticeable that Zelig (whom we must not call Allen) is as often as not most potent when just glimpsed, discovered at a distance, waving merrily at Mia Farrow's enchanting psychiatrist from well behind that ersatz Führer, a tiny figure scurrying across an alien airfield. An end that would seem to show this Zelig cured, picking up a Medal of Valour (all right, he jokes, 'shows what you can do if you're a total psychotic'), somehow endorsing the American way of life, lower-case, dies out on a sunlit wedding, Dr Fletcher throwing her bouquet to well-wishers, and a final moment of supreme tenderness – with the happy couple turning away from us, hand in hand, rounding a corner of their house. It's winning, but who was competing, and for what? I should add that a rolling title cheats us beautifully into a home-going laugh when a recurrent *Moby Dick* gag gets its quietus.

David Jones's direction of Harold Pinter's **Betrayal**, which Pinter himself has adjusted from the stage to the screen, starts off with alarming theatricality, dialogue ferried on stilts, but so rapidly settles into unnerving plausibility that one accepts the difficulty is rather a matter of fine-tuning the ear to special rhythms. Often wickedly funny, this three-hander – with Ben Kingsley as the publisher husband Robert, Patricia Hodge as elegant wife Emma and Jeremy Irons as Jerry, the literary agent pal of Robert's with whom she has had a prolonged affair – further confounds normal expectations by moving backwards in time. Opening in an acrimonious present, the marrieds seen silently squabbling through windows, its first words are Jerry's, setting drinks before Emma in a pub: 'Well . . . cheers'. Splendidly played, if at one moment a glitter-eyed Kingsley seems to catch a flat cadence from Donald Pleasence, the pauseful drama is painfully intensified by what sounds like a gimmick of temporal reversal. Not an opportunity for irony is missed and the terrible plangency Pinter evokes from the commonplace, strangled chat about tablecloths and boy babies, exacts its full toll. Ensemble work of grisly distinction.

Out at the NFT, an extended season of films featuring Gérard Philipe is about to be launched with the extraordinary **Le Diable au corps**, Autant-Lara's 1947 film of the Radiguet novel. Elfin-faced Philipe proved exquisitely cast as the young student who quickly grows up during an ill-fated love affair with married Micheline Presle. Philipe was to become the idol of a post-war period of French cinema which is now one for nostalgia, its emblem almost. His charm was intelligent, although he played in some tosh like anyone else. It also had edge, as his 1954 English excursion, René Clément's **Knave of Hearts** (**Monsieur Ripois**), misprised over here at the time, is there to testify. Make a date for 27 October, now. □

JAZZ
Charles Fox

On the way

Mike Westbrook Orchestra
Snape Maltings

Didacticism in the arts is almost always a mistake. Jazz has generally avoided it, even if a few tune titles proclaim a defiant stance. Mike Westbrook has perhaps veered closer to that sort of overlapping than most jazz composers (his *Marching Song*, decidedly anti-war in content, first got performed in 1969). Similarly, Westbrook has always been eager to try his luck in all kinds of situations, collaborating with clowns and fire-eaters, providing music for plays and cabarets and TV dramas, finding out the variety of things to be done with a wandering brass band. Most recently, in the highly impressive *The Cortege*, he mated poems in half-a-dozen languages with the timbres and techniques of jazz.

Who better, one might think, to carry out the genial, thoroughly useful task of constructing *The Young Person's Guide to the Jazz Orchestra?* That was also the view taken by the Aldeburgh Festival, with Britten's earlier and very different guide in mind, when they commissioned the work that was given its first performance last Sunday. Westbrook, meanwhile, had begun referring to his composition as *After Smith's Hotel* (everything began, it seems, at an establishment of that name on Glasgow's Sauchiehall Street). Which is fair enough, except that the didactic sub-title was obviously responsible for a larger attendance of children than are normally glimpsed at a jazz concert.

What Westbrook set about doing in his spoken introductions was not to reveal the resources of the jazz orchestra but to explain how he came to write this particular piece, using the metaphor of a mystery story. Influences were acknowledged (he came to jazz, it seems, after hearing the boogie-woogie on the back of Winifred Attwell's 1950s hit record, 'Black and White Rag'). The germ of the composition was identified as the imposition of an A flat shape upon the notes of an E minor chord, the same notes that you get by strumming the open strings of a guitar.

A pity, therefore, that the music in the first half sprawled so much. It reflected Westbrook's new mastery of the orchestra, his ability to score more densely and subtly, yet lacked the dramatic instinct which kept most of his early compositions perpetually on the boil. Things improved after the interval. 'On Duke's Birthday', a half-hour, blues-saturated salute to Ellington, made cunning use of some traditional routines. What might be called a foray into populism began when Phil Minton moved to the microphone and against a heavy, barbaric-sounding beat used lips and hands to conjure a melodramatic solo from his trumpet (a small boy just in front perked up immediately). It was a remarkably personal evocation of Bubber Miley and Cootie Williams, to be followed by Malcolm Griffiths, a wa-wa mute stuffed in the bell of his trombone, summoning up echoes of Tricky Sam Nanton. Significantly enough this turn of events brought applause at the end of the solos, a commonplace, often irritating convention at jazz concerts but good for the morale of the musicians. Audiences at classical concerts, of course, adhere to a different code of conduct.

'The "Go No More A-Roving" Problem' aroused a passionate soprano saxophone solo from Chris Biscoe, while the close of 'Breaking up at Smith's Academy' unloosed a salvo of high trumpet notes from Guy Barker. Westbrook's scoring of this final section was exhilarating, but the artificial balance, essential to jazz, between the amplified performers and the rest of the band made too many demands upon the lively acoustics of the Maltings, ideal though they are at coping with the natural balance of classical ensembles. What came across, in

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fact, was volume rather than colour.

In the pub afterwards one of the musicians said the piece should now be performed at the Seven Dials, a jazz venue in central London where audience and band mingle like sand and sea at high tide. It would certainly help the work to settle down. All jazz compositions get defined in that way, losing the bits which don't come off, giving more prominence to those that do. No doubt Mike Westbrook himself, a wily veteran of such happenings, regards *After Smith's Hotel* as still being en route to the shape that suits it best. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

White shoes

NEWSFILM of our scholar prince (one C and three Ds) being greeted just like everyone else by the Vice-Chancellor and his wife as he turned up for his first term at Cambridge to study archeology and anthropology (a nice touch) were tempered by the comments of some less fortunate candidates in the excellent, short **Friday Alternative** (C4): 'It's the bleedin' end. I got far better grades and I didn't get an interview'; 'He doesn't *need* to go there'. Ah, but Edward can't go out and be a YOP road sweeper, lavatory attendant or reggae star afterwards, can he? Be fair now, boys. I was more shocked by the assertions of Gloria Brittain on the same programme that sex attacks on little girls get less coverage in the press than ones on little boys.

> 85% of child abuse is on girls, yet it takes an attack like the one in Brighton to enrage the media. You even find insinuations that little girls ask for it. 'Sexually advanced for her age' – does that mean she wears little girl make-up as advertised on TV?

Her fury was legitimate: attacks on girls receive on average five years; for attacks on boys it is ten.

If I'm ever on TV I'm going to close my eyes like Lady Violet Bonham Carter in **The Making of Modern London** (ITV). At 93, her technique is immaculate. You could almost see the descriptions of horse-drawn London flickering behind her closed eyelids as she spoke:

> The parlour maids whistling for cabs in the muddy streets, one whistle for a four-wheeler, two for a hansom; the hansom were beautiful vehicles. And the crossing-sweepers with long grey beards, this was before the period of clean-shaven. You'd signal and he'd come and brush a crossing for you. Once I was going to lunch with a young officer at St James's Palace and I couldn't see a crossing-sweeper. I had on white suede shoes. They were never the same.

Why were those white suede shoes the most interesting thing on television last week? Was it because we couldn't see them? Her flickering, vivid memories were matched by beautiful, rainy film of the period. Ten horses dragging a great boiler, steam packets on the Thames. The clearances for the railways (Euston 1837, Paddington '38, Waterloo '48) had left thousands of Londoners homeless, trapped in the over-crowded centre with no suburban transport. There were horse-buses, a Parisian idea, but they were for the fashionable classes. It wasn't until the cheaper horse-tram came along that the workers got access to the new suburbs and by 1854 there were 250,000 commuters. The Metropolitan Line opened up the north-west, but its open-cuttings caused more evictions and over-crowding. In 1890 the first deep level tubes, the Central, Bakerloo and Northern, provided a form of transport that didn't permanently scar the city. The story is complex, but the programmes are lovingly made, and watched, too, I imagine.

I Remember Harlem (C4) showed an even more traumatic process at work, but less succinctly. The series has laboured up to the 1960s when much blood was spilled and Malcolm X formed his Black Muslims. 'That was the eeriest thing,' said an old man:

> 4000 Muslims with their heads shaved and the women all in white, standing side by side in the gutter in the darkness, staring silently at the 28th precinct . . . Malcolm gave the signal and they just faded into the night. Someone said, 'Mr Hicks, did you see what I saw? That's too much power for one man'.

In the summer of '64 came the riots: 'This black woman has just learnt that her 15-year-old son was shot by a white cop.' Jails filled with the anger: 'NY City has become Alabama.' 'No wonder you getting high on chemicals, the only satisfaction you've ever known . . .' And then the slow climb back, the Harlem Co-op, black-owned, which took $3m the first year, only to go under, unable to combat the workings of the food industry and its manipulation of the unions . . . The return to religion . . . 'The churches of Harlem like still ports in a storm.' Redevelopment is the magic word. 'The whole Harlem enterprise is gonna emerge as a testament to the black struggle.' The legendary Apollo re-opens in glory, only to close again. And then Billie Holiday singing us out with *I'll Get By:* 'Poverty may come to us, that's true/But what care I?/I'll get by/So long as I have you.'

On the other side of town, Gerald and Lee Durrell (**The Amateur Naturalist,** C4) decided to 'do the show right here' in their upper West Side apartment. The Americans'll love it. 'All you need is a magnifying-glass', said Durrell as fly-eyes loomed at us off his breakfast. We saw cockroaches patrolling his kitchen 'and a whole host of inquilines' (tenant creatures). I didn't like the four-eyed Zebra Jumping Spider nearly as much as Lee did: 'In fine New York style they don't sit at home, but go out for their dinner.' We visited the ghostly immigration halls of the deserted Ellis Island where silk worms lay scented trails for one another and learned that rats are traditionalists. This pleasant bug-show closed with a tracking shot of a fire-brat promenading the bright lights inside a TV set. □

THEATRE
Paul Allen

All very odd

Just a Kick in the Grass
RICHARD IRESON *Nuffield Theatre, Southampton*
The Country Girl
CLIFFORD ODETS *Apollo*
The Hard Shoulder
STEPHEN FAGAN *Aldwych*

Funny game, football. The one indelible image I took from Richard Ireson's play was the back of Fran Thompson's set – high concrete walls crowned with barbed wire, the image of a modern football ground. What kind of nation is it that kits out its national sport in the oppressive grey which would embarrass a maximum security prison?

Football is rich – perhaps too rich – in parallels for anybody seeking to give two-pence-worth of analysis of the supposed decline of British culture, industry, politics, whatever. Anyone can have his (or, rather less likely, her) go. When the team Ireson is writing about makes it to the First Division and is then comprehensively stuffed by Liverpool, even the two (bent) policemen investigating the (bent) club chairman chip in with advice on tactics. Ireson himself has rather more than twopence-worth to offer. The ground is antiquated, but while the fans ('on whom we depend') are herded into obscene slums where the lavatories are never fixed, the directors' lounge is getting a new fitted carpet. There is too much football, the love and pleasure's gone from it, the 'plant' is only used once a fortnight for nine months of the year, the hooligans have taken over at both ends of the power spectrum, and so on.

The odd thing is that people still retain their passion. Those directors, who would grudge another penny of public money spent on saving the steel industry for instance, pour fortunes into the bottomless pits of bankrupt clubs until the cash runs out and an accountant-politician takes over and kicks the game out so the ground can be developed into shops and offices: and there's nothing far-fetched about that bit of plotting – ask any Chelsea fan.

But while Ireson has important things to say about an important subject, he's come up with a startlingly unimportant play. It was banned by the board at Bromley before David Gilmore snatched it up for Southampton, but banned for fear of the content rather than as an act of pre-emptive criticism. It never adds up to the sum of its parts; it leaves you with the feeling, not uncommon in political and crypto-political theatre, that you agree with everything the author wishes to draw to your attention but would rather be somewhere else. This is partly because Ireson never takes you

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further than the well-known ground; the shock value of having skinhead fans chant their ugly threats at an audience presumably unused to this sort of thing has diminishing returns, and Ireson gives us no clues where their angry alienation is headed. It's partly because he is too busy with plot to develop character – even those fine actors John Bardon and Brenda Fricker struggle a bit with the chairman and his embittered wife (why does she need to be dying of cancer for heaven's sake?). And partly because the game itself remains hard to stage: three players talk us through while engaged in quasi-balletic movement, and the effect was to remind me of the awkward, exciting unpredictability of the real thing.

If a British writer is tempted to write about the theatre it tends to be as a metaphor for, or an escape from, 'real life'. The Americans are less embarrassed about it, and in **The Country Girl** it is real life.

Nor are Americans so frightened of melodrama or the danger of an over-portentious line, so prone to take refuge in flat, faithful vernacular or self-deprecating, defensive irony. So Clifford Odets' story of an old, drunken actor making a comeback under the fierce direction of a young lion of Broadway has a refreshing faith in its own value, and a first act curtain-line of throbbing intensity for Hannah Gordon as the actor's wife, her life submerged in the childish inadequacy of the actor: 'One day soon . . . we'll see what I want.' You can hear the dot, dot, dot.

Unfortunately she's obviously meant to be the central pivot of the play but for nine-tenths of the time she isn't. Odets, writing in his post-political vein, seems to feel he ought to be concerned about her plight – the way her life is marginalised in today's terms by her husband's needs and the director's determination to blame her for anything that goes wrong. In fact he's much more interested in the mechanics of backstage relationships and the play provides excellent parts for John Stride and Martin Shaw but has no real heart.

Stride is the old actor, baggy trousered and baggy faced, but discovering something of his strength as the play goes on. Shaw's director, fearsomely naive about women, hard-bitten as hell outside, as stupidly single-minded as anyone has to be to believe that what happens in a theatre is more important than anything going on anywhere else, is surely one of the better bits of acting in Britain at present.

Funny business, property. There is this entrepreneur snapping up old houses in a London square because he alone realises a motorway isn't going to be built and so they aren't subject to planning blight, when the GLC changes its mind and decides to build the road after all. Just after he's decided the only solution is to burn them down before he goes bankrupt, they cancel the project after all.

I suppose Stephen Fagan's **The Hard Shoulder** is a serious comedy about trying to ride the tiger of rampant capitalism. Like *Just a Kick in the Grass* it has a few bells to ring for our times. Lines like 'This is the eighties. The weakest go to the wall' could come from either play.

The truth is, however, that it is neither very funny nor very serious; it makes its best points through long set-piece speeches given to minor characters: Yvonne D'Alpra as the only woman to turn up to an anti-motorway protest meeting gets a wonderful hymn to her status as a lifelong victim of traffic, and Philip Bird as a squatter in the houses tries desperately to pin down the way mankind has dehumanised the world and then wonders why it's dislikeable. All this leaves the stars, Stephen Moore and Liza Goddard, rather exposed. He's terrified of failure, and she spots the moral difficulty about risking life and defrauding the insurance with a fire, but this is about all these gifted actors are given to go at. Funny business, theatre. □

Among this week's contributors:

GLYN FORD, who works for the Marine Resources Project at Manchester University, recently spent four months in Japan.

JOHN LEVETT's collection of poems, *Changing Sides* (Peterloo), was reviewed in the *NS* of 5 August.

CHRISTOPHER HILL's books include *The English Revolution, 1640, God's Englishman, The World Turned Upside Down* and *Change and Continuity in 17th Century England.*

BASIL DAVIDSON is the author of *Special Operations Europe* (1980), as well as of fiction and numerous books about African politics and history.

OPERA
Andrew Clements

Concisely

Rienzi *Coliseum*

Perfect Wagnerites will need no recommendation from me to catch a performance of *Rienzi* before it disappears for ever from the English National repertory, the first of a series of low-budget productions of neglected operas sponsored by Nor-West Holst which will be given a single, extended run and then discarded. Even for the less zealous it is pretty compulsive, especially in ENO's fiercely cut version that reduces a five-hour score to something less than three and in a production that is consistently watchable, however infuriating it may be at times. There is much dross, plenty of unashamed padding and some moments of unerring dramatic mastery, as well as some passages of gloriously sustained lyricism, though those who know maintain that some of the opera's best music in the third act has been sacrificed for the sake of concision.

The source for Wagner's libretto was Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi, The Last of the*

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Roman Tribunes, which he read in translation in 1837. Not the least of his achievements in the opera was to condense this discursive epic into something at least dramatically cogent, if still psychologically and politically thin. Pared to the bone at the Coliseum the opera moves directly and coherently, though without total conviction. *Rienzi* came to be regarded as the most trenchantly fascist of Wagner's operas; it was admired by Hitler, who owned the autographed score and who claimed that seeing a performance of the work in 1907 sowed the first seeds of the idea of Nazism, and also by Stalin, who chose its overture to open the tenth anniversary celebrations of the Soviet Republic.

No doubt the idea of a superhero, the last great Roman tribune who rose to power in the 14th century on the backs of the people with a mission to make Rome great again and was ultimately destroyed by his idea, is a seductive one for those who like to extrapolate contemporary political creeds on to a period at a great historical remove. But Rienzi is a ruler of the people who saves them from a cruel aristocracy and whose final destruction condemns them to further oppression; to characterise him as a fascist dictator is altogether too simplistic. Yet Nicholas Hytner's production for ENO does just that. *Rienzi* is transposed to the Rome of the 1930s; Rienzi himself is the leader of the blackshirts and his opponents are the Italian aristocracy. One may object to this approach because it merely reinforces preconceptions of the operas that are at best only partially accurate, but what cannot be denied is that it allows Hytner to mount a staging that is visually and dramatically compelling.

The all-purpose set is black marble, boldly decorated as appropriate with huge blow-ups of Rienzi, vivid scarlet-and-black flags and white marble statues. The chorus sits on high at the back of the stage in simple, money-saving black; the parts of the narrative omitted in the cuts are filled in by projections of newsreel film, some of it incorporating actual footage of Mussolini. Sometimes the production gets carried away with its own enthusiasm; the close of the second act becomes high camp when scarlet and black leaflets urging that Rome be returned to greatness rain down on the audience; the ballet sequence, *de rigueur* when the opera was written for anything staged in Paris, is cut to seven minutes of children's PE, like breakfast television gone wild.

Kenneth Woollam takes the title role, making of it a strutting, preposterous figure, yet of a piece with this production. Vocally he lasts the pace well, even though some of the tempi favoured by Herbert Esser overstretch his tone. Esser otherwise conducts a committed, urgent account of the score that succeeds in glossing over the series of mishaps in the orchestral playing.

Two other singers deserve mention. As Rienzi's sister Irene, Kathryn Harries loses some of her best moments in the economies, but she sings the rest with clear, even tone and crisp dramatic focus; Felicity Palmer takes the difficult 'breeches' role of Adriano with partial success, acting convincingly but lacking allure in her singing. A more enjoyable evening than the uncommitted might otherwise expect then; perhaps an adulterated *Rienzi* is going to be more fun than the real, pristine thing. □

New Statesman Index

The index to Vol. 104 (July-Dec. 1982) is available from: 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. The index to Vol. 105 will be available soon.

FIRST PERSON

Jeremy Lewis

Twenty years on

MIDDLE-CLASS PARENTS of the late 1950s, perplexed by the apparent inability of their children (sons, usually) to decide what they wanted to do with themselves in life, beyond gazing out of the window and squeezing a healthy crop of blackheads, used to march their apathetic offspring off to Careers Advisors. Many of these experts were failed or retired military men who, themselves wondering what to do next, and mulling over the alternatives of chicken-farming in South Devon or teaching geography and games in a prep school, had shrewdly realised that the way to bring home the bacon in modern Britain is not to make anything or risk anything but to tell people what they want to hear and re-state the obvious in impressive-sounding words of more than one syllable; and are busy making platitudinous fortunes as psycho-analysts or management consultants.

Operating from compressed-looking attic offices on the fringes of Mayfair or Belgravia, these kindly ex-soldiers would ask their victims to fill in elaborate questionnaires, ticking or completing boxes headed 'Hobbies' and 'Ambitions' (none); leaning back in their chairs and peering over their spectacles in a grave, responsible manner, they would then advise a career in forestry, chartered accountancy, the Foreign Office (rather a stiff one, that) or the wine trade. The grateful parents would write out an appropriate cheque, the lacklustre adolescent would demonstrate no sense of direction beyond a keen desire to lie in bed reading Dickens or P. G. Wodehouse, and life would continue on much the same lines as before.

For those of us who know a little about a good many things and not much about anything, and who have never evinced any outstanding talent or a messianic sense of vocation, deciding what to do with one's life beyond dreaming of the sudden bestowal of a large private income was a problem of nightmare proportions – not least in those optimistic, expansionist days when opportunities abounded, unemployment seemed an historical curiosity, and dilettante youths with a couple of 'A' levels to their names felt they *might* be quite happy trying their hands at a little publishing or advertising or journalism or brewing or whatever. And nothing is more paralysing than an infinity of choice, as guzzlers hanging over a freshly opened box of Cadbury's Dairy Tray or Terry's All Gold know all too well.

One of the compensations of moving into one's dreaded forties is a drastic narrowing of opportunities and alternatives. For good or ill, one has made one's bed – more often than not a somewhat scruffy, rumpled-looking affair – and one must lie on it as best one may; and however much one may grumble about the state of the sheets or the springs, it's a relief to know that one is no longer in a position to cast covetous glances at the plusher models on display elsewhere. Radical change is, we like to tell ourselves, still possible, which is why so many menopausal couples suddenly abandon mortgages and commuter trains and the ringing of office telephones and set themselves up as tweed-makers in Skye or herbalists in Wales or round-the-world yachtsmen: but – mercifully – it's no longer on the cards to start at the bottom as a cub reporter or a trainee shopwalker or a management consultant of the kind so unkindly referred to in my opening paragraph.

A further – and still finer – compensation of early middle age is that of growing into writers one is (unless highly precocious) unlikely or unable to enjoy in one's teens or twenties. Like many other people, I seem to have tackled many of the Great Novelists between the ages of 18 and 22, and I loved Dickens in particular with the greedy relish of the born escapist. How dim and colourless Trollope's novels seemed by comparison, and how irritating it was to be told that one would eventually grow into them, or that Mr Macmillan spent much of his time in No. 10 reading about Mrs Proudie and Mr Slope; 20 years on, and I find Dickens almost overblown beside Trollope's nimble wit and genial, tolerant humanity. Ever an admirer of the 18th century, I remember struggling unhappily through Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in the sweltering summer of 1959; nowadays I would be quite happy to go on reading it for ever on a circular basis, and would have no hesitation in putting it forward (like A. N. Wilson) were Roy Plomley to pop the question.

Even more curious – yet apparently widespread among those uncomfortably aware of spreading waistlines, bald patches and the occasional grey whisker – is a sudden passion for opera, a business I had taken particular pleasure in deriding. Only a few years ago I bullied some luckless opera-lovers into abandoning a television performance of Mozart's *Seraglio* in favour of a raucous film about the North-West frontier, yet nothing could give me greater pleasure now than to see it performed. One day, perhaps, I'll get round to enjoying Shakespeare's plays on stage, a taste for which has so far eluded me. But it could be I've left it too late. □

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o 2791 Set by E. O. Parrott

ntrive the opening paragraph of a novel ich consists entirely of single lines from ll-known poems. You don't have to have y rhymes – in fact we forbid it – but it ust make good prose sense. Max 100 ords, by 21 October.

No 2788 Set by M. K. Cheeseman

Now that right wingers of the world are niting, they need a 'Blue Flag' to sing.

Report By Fat Jeff

Ms de Meaner's message was brief: FIND SCA-EGOAT SOONEST. But who could I blame? Cheeseman himself, perhaps, for giving us a lud with malice aforethought? It wouldn't tand up in court. Our request for an SDP ong, a couple of years ago, produced a right ittle sizzler of a comp. How was *l'homme de omage* to know that this would be dif-erent? I have called in PC 49 to make rther inquiries and the whole matter is ow *sub judice*. Meanwhile, six quid per inner, without the option.

The rich man's flag is deepest blue;
His chips and politicians too,
And ere the day is dark and cold
He's added to his pile of gold.

Then raise the azure standard tall
Of profit motive over all.
Tho' Marxists flinch and Labour sneer
We'll keep on making money here.

T. GRIFFITHS

Arise, *Mail*-readers all, from Lancaster to Luton!
And hearken to the call of clever Roger Scruton:
If freedom is our right, how can it then be wrong
To guard with all our might the freedoms of the strong?
But civil liberties are rendered null and void
When anti-social b.'s *choose* to be unemployed!

Arise, monetarists, from Lanark to Llandovery!
And doubt not there exists the start of a recovery!
If we are resolute, and let the patient die,
Refuse to give a hoot, and raise our Blue Flag high,
In England's pleasant land – this sceptr'd grocer's store–
In future years will stand a brave New Singapore!

PETER NORMAN

Come, raise to the reflecting sky
The flag whose field of blue proclaims
A bleeding aristocracy,
A martyrdom of Norman names!
Blue is the sea that guards our isle,
Dyed by celestial design;
O may no leak, no foreign wile,
Its multitudes incarnadine,
And may Big Mother guide our ship
And wave the flag – though wets may wince –
And base her blueprint on blue chip,
Blue blood, blue pencil, and blue rinse.

MARY HOLTBY

Our flag that floats upon the breeze
Is blue as mould on Danish cheese
Or films that, showing every night
The flower of manliness delight.

When undeserving unemployed
The winter wind cannot avoid,
The frost that nips them as they queue
Shall turn them, like our banner, blue.

We'll never let our spirits sag
While waves on high our bluest flag;
Come, gather round it! If you choose
The whole wide world can have the blues!

CAROLYN BECKINGHAM

Reaction's flag, which now we raise,
Shall wave above us all our days
And, come what may, remain unfurled
When we have blown up half the world.

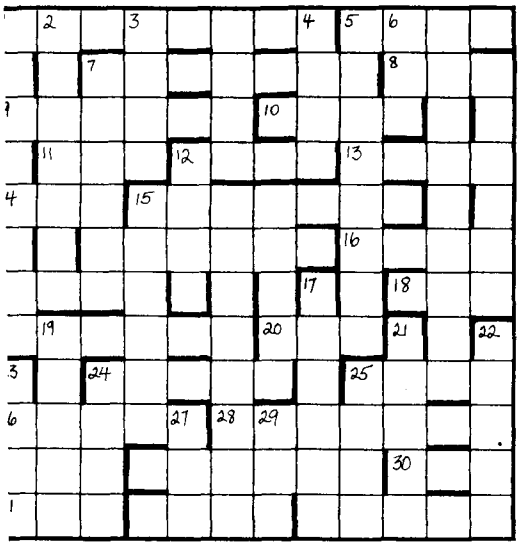
Then raise the pirates' standard high
And wave your future life goodbye;
The skull and crossbones turning blue
Is all that will be left of you.

NAOMI MARKS

Salamanca 73

'Lot Of Cobblers'

RIZES: £25 cheques for the first three cor-ect solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 3, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, ondon EC1R 3AU, by first post 1 November.



nclued answers have a connexion (with which Webster uld help) and which can be illustrated by solvers if stead of entering L everywhere it should normally occur ey enter a dot in the square's centre and number each dot w by row and left to right 1-13, and then with straight ies between dots join 8-12-13-9-2-1-3-5-4-6-10-11-7 and 7-8-9. Unchecked letters in unclueds NEED ATTRAC-VE STUNNER.

ACROSS

5 Telling these tales will get you punches? (4)
8 Three part chart riser (3)
9 Of a unit at sea, see? (6)
10 What makes English? Ask Scots birds (4)
11 Believe some hollow issues (3)
12 Something Hebrew up late heads for? (4)
13 You'll find these in old church music or in chapel, ascending (4)
14 King one followed (3)
16 Note put on one to come first? (4)
18 *Cheek?* (3)
20 From tip of elbow, length, given a little latitude (3)
24 They till piece of ground within slavers' borders (5)
25 Chariot for very important one (4)
26 Assembly of past painters (5)
28 Having Mormon lead, little Donny's so involved in this group? (7)
30 Used in cooking, Hindu-style (3)
31 One and one hundred, hard to add to once (3)

DOWN

1 First sign of 'change' in girl could make man cheer (8)
2 One going to a battle with Spain, not with it (7)
3 Act a hero, using this? That's courage in the making, maybe (4)
4 Give top two of deck to one on left? (4)
5 What have you got in orbit? Fellow wholly floating round about with energy and force (8)
6 Cat is to hare about – this could be the same as ruffling – – coat, hear? (3)
7 Fruit with liquid centre, nice cooked (6)
15 He'll ring the bell if you pay him? (6)
17 Animals, tall sort, not Latin (6)
19 See one in perfect condition with yen to stand on head – what principles might be involved? (5)
21 Fish, one of potency symbols (5)
22 Saki drunk after midday in Bombay town (5)
23 Monkey of Zambia on a tree (4)
24 Posh sort of student (4)
25 Cricketer, English, not American as well (4)
27 One's caught short – what catcher says? (3)
29 Work under sun, get a soaking? (3)

Solution to Salamanca 72

J	U	L	I	E	Q	U	E	E	N	I	E
O	L	G	A	L	U	C	R	E	T	I	A
S	T	E	L	L	A	J	O	L	A	N	D
B	E	A	X	A	N	T	H	I	P	P	E
G	R	A	C	E	T	E	S	S	V	A	L
W	I	N	N	I	E	P	E	R	S	I	S
E	S	T	H	E	R	U	R	S	U	L	A
A	D	A	R	I	T	A	F	I	O	N	A
N	I	C	O	L	E	T	T	E	D	O	T
H	E	L	E	N	A	Z	I	L	L	A	H
C	A	R	O	L	I	N	E	K	A	T	E
I	S	A	D	O	R	A	M	A	R	I	A

Acrosses all girl's names (Acrostic of initial letters of down clues refers to one across).

Prizewinners to Salamanca 72

J. A. Eunson (Edinburgh)
Brendan Jackson (Southampton)
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LISTINGS

SAT 8 OCTOBER

BIRMINGHAM Albania Society Meeting. Film: 'Old Wounds', Music/discuss. 2-5pm. Doctor Johnson House, 40 Bull St. **Org Dr John Puntis, Secretary, Midlands Albania Society.**

LONDON Consumer campaign Nuclear Electricity Boycott. Planning meeting for existing withholders and others. 11am-1pm. PPU 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. **Details: Bridget 01-622 3998 or Lyn 01-985 2179.**

LONDON 'Converging Paths to a Peaceful World' one-day conf. 10-5pm. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Tickets £3/£1.50 unwaged. Bring packed lunch. Tea/coffee provided. **Apply Development Education Officer, Quaker Peace & Service, Friends House, Euston Rd NW1 2BJ.**

LONDON 'Visible women', Conf on images of women in the media, emphasis on sex, race, class, disability and age. 9.30am-6pm. ULU, Malet Street, WC1. Adm £3/£1.50. Access for disabled, creche. **Details: Women's Media Action Group, c/o AWP, Hungerford House, Embankment, London WC2 or Jean 01-737 4336.**

SUN 9 OCTOBER

LONDON 'Jewish issues at the Labour Party Conference'. Spkr Reg Freeson MP, Aryeh Yaffe. 8pm. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. **Org MAPAM 01-328 2554.**

MON 10 OCTOBER

LONDON Women in Trade Unions – a pictorial history of women's involvement in the movement from 1850s-today. Designed to complement TUC Women's Action Day on Saturday 29 October. Wkdays 10am-5pm. Adm free. Congress House, Great Russell Street, WC1. **Org TUC.**

LONDON 'The Revolution in Nicaragua's Health'. Spkr Susana Veraguas, CIIR midwife explains radical developments. 6-8pm. Inst of child Care, 30 Guildord St, W1. **Details: 01-354 0883.**

TUES 11 OCTOBER

LONDON 'The Secretarial Trap' – is being a secretary the only way for women to enter publishing? Spkrs Margery Updale, Senior Consultant, Covent Garden Bureau, Judy Little, Personnel Director, Longman, Ann Suster, Senior Editor, Sphere Books. 6.30. The Freemason's Arms, Long Acre, WC1. All women welcome. **Org Women in Publishing, Jane Russell, 25 Albany Rd, N4. 01-341 1109 (eves), 01-499 8011, ext 3260 (day).**

LONDON 'The author as betrayer'. Spkr Clive Sinclair, winner 1981 Somerset Maugham Award, followed by discn. Adm free. 8pm. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, Hammersmith. **Details Colin Ludlow/Cathryn Grenfell 01-741 2251.**

LONDON Public meeting about closure of Highgate Wing, Whittington Hospital. Spkrs incl Jeremy Corbyn MP, Michael Meacher MP, Caroline Osborn (Islington CHC), Syed Boukhari (COHSE). 7.30pm. Upstairs meeting room, Caxton House, St Johns Way, N19. **Org Socialist Health Association London Branch. Details Judy Atkinson 01-736 5120/Clive Boutle 01-444 6254.**

LONDON 'Nuclear Disarmament? – Basic History, Politics, Issues' first of 8 classes 6.30-8.30pm. £8/£1 unwaged. **Chequer Centre, Chequer St EC1. 01-253 9619.**

WED 12 OCTOBER

LONDON CND Public Meeting. Spkrs Tony Benn, Bruce Kent, Helen John, Tess Woodcraft, Leon Rosselson 7.45pm. Islington Town Hall, Upper St, N1. **Org Islington CND, 84 Archway Rd, N19.**

LONDON Lambeth Amnesty showing of film 'Missing'. 5.15pm and 8.45pm; 'Companeros' at 7.30pm. Ritzy Cinema, Brixton. **Org Lambeth Amnesty, Kate Danziger, 2 Wingmore Rd, SE24.**

THURS 13 OCTOBER

LONDON 'A New World for Women: some twentieth century experiences'. University Sessional Course for 12 weeks. 1.30-3.30pm. Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. **01-928 8501.**

LONDON 'The Politics of Educational Policy Making'. Wkly seminar series. Contributors incl Christopher Price, Caroline St John Brooks, Alan Evans, Mick Farley, Peter Wilby. Beginning today 'Reviewing Quangos: Management and Policy Reviews of Government assisted bodies'. Seminar and discn. Spkr Geoffrey Cockerill. 5.30-7pm. Rm 3b, 18 King's College, The Strand, WC2. **Org Politics, Education and Society Seminar Group. 01-836 5454 ext 2325.**

LONDON 'Hands off Telecoms' Public meeting. 6pm. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org British Telecom International BTUC Campaign against Privatisation. Terry Cuthbert, Rm 117, Holborn Centre, 120 Holborn, EC1.**

SAT 15 OCTOBER

LONDON 'Jobs not Bombs day'. 10am-4pm. Southwark Unemployed Centre. 83 Peckham High St, SE15. Lunch available Followed by Social Event 8pm at Dominica Centre, 69 Peckham High St. 'The Republic' plus disco. Adm £3. **Details: 01-703 9011.**

LONDON 'Feminists and New Technology Workshop'. 10am-6pm. 21 Star St, W2. **Org Women and Computing 01-881 0412.**

YORK 'Women and Education' Day school open to women and men. Talks, discn groups. Register 9.30am. 10am-4pm. £2/£1 unwaged. Creche. College Hall, College of Ripon & York St John, Lord Mayor's Walk, York. **Details: Ann Newnham, Dept Of language & Literature, Grey's Ct, York 0904 56771, ext 253.**

GLASGOW Folk night. 8pm. Star Club, Carlton Pl. Top artistes, Palestinian food, poster exhibition. £1.50/75p unwaged. **Org West of Scotland Friends of Palestine, Afi A. Syed, 38 Campsie Drive, Bearsden, G61 3HX 041-942 8804.**

LONDON Amnesty International Prisoner of Conscience Week. March and Rally. Assemble Speakers Corner, Hyde Park 12.15pm. Rally at Trafalgar Square 2.30pm. Speakers and music. **Org Amnesty International British Section, 5 Roberts Place, Bowling Green Lane, EC1 01-251 8371.**

SHEFFIELD 'Peace Studies in European Schools and Colleges' Dayschool. Spkrs incl Helena Kikkonen, Jan de Jong, Dorothy Thompson, Bjorn Nilsen. 9.30am-5pm. Town Hall, Sheffield. £5/£2.50 unwaged. **Details: John Field, Northern College, Barnsley 0226 85426.**

FORTHCOMING

18 OCT Streatham, SW16. 'Time for a Nuclear Freeze'. St Leonard's Church Hall, Tooting Bec Gardens. **Details: David or Nicola 01-673 7901.**

19 OCT London 'Images of Science and Progress' series of seminars. 5pm. Glyn Ford, University of Manchester. 'The Labour Party and Science' Dept of Social and Economic Studies, Imperial College, 53 Princes Gate, SW7. **Details: 01-589 5111 Ext 1019.**

19 OCT London 'Labour After the Conference'. Spkr Rt Hon Peter Archer QC, MP. 8pm. Cole Room, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. **Org Central London Fabian Society.**

20 OCT Darlington Medical Campaign against Nuclear Weapons. Spkr K. McKeown, co-author of BMA report and Dr Gregory of Tyneside MCANW. 7.30pm Darlington Arts Centre. Disabled access. **Org Darlington Borough Council, A Vickers, Darlington 465556 (day) 480581 (eves).**

22 OCT London Re-launch of Task Force as 'Pensioners Link' one-day conf at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. **Details: Task Force, 17 Balfe St, N1 01-278 5501.**

22 OCT London 'No cruise, no Trident, Freeze the arms race. Nuclear weapons are no defence'. CND demo to coincide with worldwide week of actions by the peace movement. Assemble Victoria Embankment (between Embankment & Blackfriars tubes) 11am. Transport arranged from every part of UK. **Contact your local CND or peace group for details or national CND 01-263 0977.**

29 OCT Oxford 'Artful Theology: a Feminist Recreation of Christian Tradition' at Old Fire Station, George St. Women only. 10am onwards. Spkrs incl Sara Maitland, Julia Brosnan, Anne Parsons. Discn, exhibition, events, bkstall, creche on demand. Wheelchair access and toilets. Disabled sisters please contact in advance. £3/£2 unwaged. **Details: Anne Parsons, 29 Hurst St, Oxford OX4 1HA Patricia Duncker 0865 727426.**

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ATTRACTIVE GRADUATE woman teacher, 44, div, interests include homelife, music, travel, *the countryside, tennis, seeks unattached,* prof. man for friendship & companionship. London home. Box 6548.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, Lecturer, seeks attractive, intelligent woman (young to approx. 50), for *warm friendship and enjoyment,* any race or personal circumstance. Box 6656.

BORED? LET me put the fun back in your life. Wanted intelligent, over 40, 6ft man to enjoy life with, and have happy times. Box 6638.

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DURHAM/NORTHUMBERLAND, woman 47, graduate, busy but sometimes lonely, hopes to meet interesting man – share peaceful activities, stimulating conversation, good friendship, middle-age resistance. Box 6670.

ECCENTRIC, HAPPY male, 37, loves arts, countryside, cats, presently living Liverpool, seeks attractive, intelligent lady, under 45, anywhere, correspond, friendship, perhaps more. *Sm. photos exch.* Box 6651.

ENTERPRISING SOCIAL Worker, 30s, single, non-sexist, varied interests, sense of humour, seeks uninhibited, intelligent female, 24+, for stimulating weekends, Bristol/your town. Sm. *photo.* Box 6639.

EXCEPTIONALLY TALL, financial consultant, 38, affectionate, secure, unhappily married, needs understanding girl, for warmth and solace. Marital status unimportant. Phone no. *Sm. photo appreciated. London.* Box 6666.

FEMALE TEACHER, 31, one child, attractive, sensuous, non-smoker, leftish, non-screwed up, atrophying in sunny Channel Islands, seeks warm, gentle, secure, male companion. Box 6643.

FEMALE PEACE Campaigner in South West, tall, 42, very involved in work, but looking for light relief, nothing serious contemplated. Separated and enjoying freedom. Box 6664.

GALLOPING GOURMET not required. We provide the cuisine – you provide the sparkle. Only men under 60 with a taste for gefilte fish need apply. Box 6655.

HANDSOME MAN, 25, arts gradute, unaffected, non-smoker, recently returned from abroad, seeks gentle lady for warm, easy-going times. Sm. photo appreciated, reply assured. Box 6640.

IMPERFECT, WAGNERITE male, 32, North West, seeks female for friendship etc. Any offers? Box 6562.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE male, 23, seeks friendship and adventure, with female, London. Box 6609.

INTELLIGENT, CRABBY literature graduate, in his immature 30s, works in Library, bookmad, travelled, likes films, paintings, but very tired of sublimation, seeks companionship (London). Box 6650.

LADY, NICE looks, nature, no ties, early 50s, driver, non-smoker, normal interests, retiring early public service, seeks decent, settled gentleman; make good home, future, friendship, marriage. Box 6653.

MIDDLE EASTERN gentleman, university lecturer in his mid forties, in England for research, requires the company of an English lady, 35-50, to help him improve his English, and share his company for outings etc. Socialist preferred. Leeds/Bradford/Huddersfield area. Box 6597.

NORTHERN ENGLAND. Are all NS advertisers beautiful people? Fairly ordinary lady (mid-forties) would like to correspond with or meet fairly ordinary single man. Box 6671.

NOW THAT dark nights are drawing nigh, would one of them rescue me from my draughty castle? Slender, pretty lady, 42, seeks knightly assistance. Box 6649.

OPEN-MINDED ABOUT allocating proceeds from selling house, fraternally disposed Humanist, Guru-vintage, favouring Alternative *movement, seeks equally teamspirited* damsel. Box 6589.

PRESENTABLE, FIT, young 60s professional, seeks warm-hearted, shapely London lady 40s/50s, for discreet friendship. Trapped in *stagnant marriage he considers himself a car*ing, considerate good-natured man who enjoys normal human pleasures. Non-smoker. Box 6623.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 32, interests music, tra*vel, current affairs, seeks girl friend. I am In*dian, but any nationality or colour. Children no objection. London/anywhere. Box 6665.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, slim, good-looking, seeks lively, kind, woman friend, early forties. Box 6673.

RECENTLY RETIRED, professional woman divorcee, grown-up family, seeks lively male companionship, to share interests including arts, travel. Box 6641.

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SIR, you are gay, comfortable, creative, published, affectionate, probably have everything except respectful, witty, versatile companion, catalyst, lover. Let's talk! Peter. Box 6605.

UNATTACHED, DURHAM professional man, 54, Oxbridge. Rather staid, leftish, musical, houseowner, non-driver, non-smoker, would like to meet compatible female. Box 6646.

WEST COAST US citizen (formerly Sri Lankan), *refined,* attractive, educated, lady underwriter/pilot, young 52, unencumbered, wish resettle UK 3-4 years, like cultivate permanent relationship with gentleman 45-55, of similar background. Box 6577.

WOMAN, 53, *interested in people, Counsellor,* currently re-assessing values, wanting warm relationship with male, also taking stock. Glos or Midlands area. Box 6642.

YORK MALE, 25, quiet, interests jazz and rock *music, philosophy, liberal politics, seeks gen*tle female company, shared interests, affection, intelligent conversation. Car (will travel). Box 6647.

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